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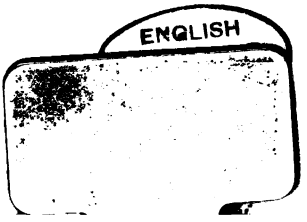

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BRICE (Andrew, *printer and author, of Exeter*) The Mobiad: Or, Battle of the Voice. An Heroi-Comical Poem, Sportively Satirical: Being a briefly historical natural and lively, free and humorous Description of an EXETER ELECTION IN SIX CANTO'S. *Exon: Printed and Sold by Brice and Thorn,* 1770. **£4 10s**

8vo, CONTEMPORARY CALF. FIRST EDITION. Bound with a copy of Dalrymple's *Considerations Upon the Policy of Entails,* Edinburgh, 1764

Brice, a remarkable character, who ran a weekly newspaper from 1715 to 1773, and brought out a *Grand Gazetteer or Topographical Dictionary,* wrote the *Mobiad* in 1738. The tone of the poem

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Printed for W. Flexney, 1767.

4to, unbound; with half title. FIRST EDITION. Containing references to Sheridan, Gray, Murphy, Mason, Colman, Langhorne, Whitehead, Clive, various actors and even con tailors, shoemakers, &c.

195 **CAUSTON** (Peter) Tunbrigialia. *Londini: Anno*, 1709.

8vo, unbound, pp. 12. SCARCE. A Latin poem on Tunbridge Wells, with a dedication gratitude to G. Frohock, on whose recommendation the author seems to have taken t with much benefit.

196 **CERVANTES.** The Most Admirable and Delightful

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THE

MOBIAD:

OR,

BATTLE of the VOICE.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM,

SPORTIVELY SATIRICAL:

Being a briefly hiſtorical, natural and lively, free and humorous, DESCRIPTION

OF AN

EXETER ELECTION.

In SIX CANTO'S.

Illuſtrated with ſuch NOTES as for *ſome* Readers may be ſuppoſed uſeful.

By DEMOCRITUS JUVENAL, Moral Profeſſor of Ridicule, and plaguy-pleaſant Fellow of Stingtickle College;

Vulgarly

ANDREW BRICE, EXON.

---- Magno in populo cum ſæpe coorta eſt
Seditio, ſævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Inſequitur clamorque virûm, furor arma miniſtrat,
Præſentemque viris intentant omnia mortem;
Difficile eſt ſatiram non ſcribere.— Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs et meliùs magnas plerumque ſecat res.

VIRG. JUV. HOR.

EXON: Printed and Sold by BRICE and THORN: And ſold alſo by T. DAVIES, in Great-Ruſſel Street, Covent-Garden, London. MDCCLXX.

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The Author's Valedictory Sermon to this hopeful Spark, his Progeny.

GO, thou playſome, ſlily-ſnickering, dry-bobbing Son of PHANTASY. That frolic Dame was *honeſtly* thy Mother; conceiv'd, form'd, and with no hard Travail — (*Indignation* aiding) — brought thee forth. HISTORIC TRUTH, however, had a finger in the pye, and (as another trite Saying goes) blow'd to thy making. Go; — try thy Fortune, as thy Betters have done. As Circumſtances allow'd, I brought thee up to — what thou art; have now tolerably cloath'd thee in a decent plain Suit of Print: And what is to be done next but ſend thee into the World? Good Hands receive thee, and not harſhly treat thee! And may'ſt thou beſt thrive in thy proper Vocation of *pleaſing* and *profiting* thy Entertainers!

I ſhould gladly have had beſtow'd upon thee a ſhort Teſtimonial of ſome or other Worthineſs, or good Property, in thee; or elſe to have got ſome Reſpectable Name for thy Protection. But Patronage for Poetry, 'ſhou'd ſeem, is now no more the *Growth of every Clime* than is good Poetry itſelf. And alas! VIRGILS thrive not but in the cultivated warm Garden of a MOECENAS. Kind Foſterers, — (One Swallow making of itſelf - - - but One) — and even a tutelary Maſter, ſeem as difficultly to be met with. So that, at the laſt reſort, thou muſt for *a good Run* truſt to thy own Legs; — or, as ſome Folk ſeem to think, to the compulſive Conduct of thy own PLANET: A Guide very precarious truly; there being, they tell you, amongſt the others, a villainous *Twelve-farthing* one, a cruel Envier of Merit, maliciouſly more buſy with his Influence than all the reſt. If ſuch their Creed be orthodox, that miſchievous Meddler, perhap, too much tamper'd with my own Nativity: Forcing upon me a radical Itch of Scribbling, nay an ungainful *poetic Turn*; when SATURN himſelf might have taken me under

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under his Care, and, giving me a Propenſion to *deep lucrative Ploding*, diſpos'd my Bent for *Money-raking* like a MIDAS, or any modern *Ways-and-Means* Monger that ever deſerved ----- Preferment.

Be not diſhearten'd neither, tho' modeſtly diffident. The Queſtion ſhould be, Haſt thou any good Parts, or haſt thou not? Humbly ſhouldeſt thou anſwer, it is not for thee to ſay; but that thou wouldeſt readily ſubmit to a candid, though dreading a vaſtly rigid, Examination.

Now, if real Genius in thee beam ſometimes forth, ſhine frequently, and more or leſs ſparkle throughout thy Compoſition, the *Deuce* or ſaid *Planet* muſt load thy *Dice*, if thou findeſt the whole World inhoſpitable. And if a ſprightly Genius have found and manly Sentiment, and (what to this Kind of Poem is eſſential) *genteel Drolery of Humour* for Companions, ſome ſweet Souls may take you in together for very Joke's ſake. But if thou haſt *no Merit, no Worth, nothing lovely*, in thee, — I can't flattering ſay, thou deſerveſt it.

Alas, Child!--- To ſay nothing of Erudition;--- Competency of Knowledge, Vivacity of Thought, and Maturity of Judgment, and a ſuitable Portion of well-govern'd POETIC FIRE, with certain other Sterling *Somewhats* not readily to be here, by me, expreſs'd, but infinitely more valuable than *Jingle* and *Meaſure*, *Rhyme* and *Verſification*, are requiſite to the Conſtruction of right good POESY. Every jejune *Poem*, or ſtarveling *Copy of Verſes*, is not IT. If theſe *ſomewhats*, &c. are all lacking in thee, — I'd not give Two-pence a Year to inſure thy Longevity. Well; mayeſt thou have equal Judges! May a good Report of thee comfort me, and recommend thyſelf! So *fare thee well at once.*

Exon, July the 4th, 1770.

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PREFACE,

Written when the POEM was juſt finiſh'd, and intended, at that Time, (viz. in 1738.) to have been forthwith publiſh'd.

THE TATLER recounts how PACOLET his feign'd *Familiar* cured a common Swearer, by laying his own Language, penn'd, before him. Though the Story be Fiction, yet ſuch Effect were in Reality not abſolutely improbable. The wiſe SPARTANS experimented ſomething like it, in expoſing their Slaves, purpoſely *made* drunk, to the View of their Sons; who were thereby the more render'd Abhorrers of ſuch *unmanning* vile Debauchery. Could a Man, of good Senſe and Faſhion, but perfectly ſee and conſider, in a ſober Hour, his own very Perſon acting before others the ſilly and filthy Scene of a thorough Debauch, it might, poſſibly, ſet him more on his guard againſt the like Intemperance for future, as well as fill him with Shame and Contrition for the paſt.

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Why, then, might not ſuch, in a ſort, behold himſelf, as it were in a Mirrour, in HOGARTH's MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION, or ſome antick Chimney-piece more vulgarly baccanalian? Why ſhould the Moral of the pencil'd Satire be overlook'd or diſregarded? One might be apt to fancy Tavern-Quarrels, painted artfully in Tipling-Rooms, might, if conſiderately obſerv'd, withold real Gentlemen of Breeding from plunging into ſuch Depths of Liquor as might overwhelm their Humanity, and transform them for a Time to ſuch worſe than Savages as in Colours repreſented. And we ſhould imagine, a Man, in calm good Temper, might hate, yet deſpiſe, his own late Appearance pourtray'd the very Madman he look'd, and behav'd, in Height of that Rage he was, ſtrangely he might think, thrown into.

And wherefore ſhould not the Effect hold in parallel Examples? Why might not ſome heedfully peruſing a boiſterous ELECTION, in which they were Agents or Agitators, (eſpecially of but little if any Moment) juſtly deſcrib'd in *ſuited Verſe*, be aſham'd of the ridiculous or baſe Parts which they, as 'twere in Effigie, review they acted in the wretched Farce? Why ſhould they not feel a Twinge of Thought at the Dangers which they, with others, prov'd inſtrumental — (though, it may be, unwittingly) — in occaſioning, as well as Remorſe at being any Way, even undeſignedly, acceſſary to, Miſchiefs therein committed?

This

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This Poetic Sketch was drawn to that honeſt Intent. Though there are very few, if any, directly and perſonally characteriz'd, yet Numbers, if they have Eyes of Underſtanding, may diſcern their own Images in Deſcription expoſing themſelves to Deriſion, Contempt, perhaps and Deteſtation. Alſo may be ſeen to what a diſtracted and unhappy Plight mere Whim and Fantaſt have brought us. Why then ſhould it not conduce to the correcting our Conduct, diſcountenancing Tumult, reſtoring Civility at leaſt, and by Degrees recovering Trade, ſo fooliſhly deſtroy'd by hare-brain'd Faction? Why may we not hope thereupon that Perſons of Equanimity may venture into publick and mix'd Converſation, be there us'd with Good-manners, and ſee the Company ſit, and in due Seaſon part, obſequious and mannerly at worſt, — notwithſtanding their having voted differently for a *Forty Man* (as they ſtyle him), a Mayor, or Member of Parliament himſelf?

Though dreading a being ſurrounded in and by a MOB, eſpecially a pent-up contending one, yet, to make proper Obſervations, and to collect apt Materials, I, for once, voluntarily hazarded myſelf even on the very Spot of thickeſt Uproar and Confuſion. At which Time, worſe than that of the Painter (who, ſurpaſſingly to delineate a Battle, in its various Horrors, to the Life, went joyfully to gaze at one, but therein loſt both his Arms by his Curioſity) had like to have prov'd my Hap; not only almoſt cruſh'd to death in the

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Throng, but like to have my ſmall Portion of Brains preſs'd out, or my Head itſelf wrung off, in the Gateway, endeavouring, at laſt, to eſcape out of the crowded Hall.

However rough, unfiniſhed, and incorrect, yea trifling and ſilly, the ſlight Performance be, or ſhall be ſaid to be, — my Vanity flatters itſelf it is pretty natural, pictureſque, and indifferently full of genuine Humour: Which are Hits and Ingredients not deſpicable in Pieces of this Nature. Yes, I am forward enough to fancy, that it is not quite devoid of ſuch titillating as well as poignant *Humour* as may divert even where it nettles, pleaſe the Struck in deſpight of their Reſentment, and force them at leaſt to ſmile juſt upon biting their Lips or Knuckles.

It being calculated principally for the Uſe and Service of *this City*, — (though not to be *ſo very local* as not to fit other Places; — MOBS being MOBS every-where) — as well as the Subject is a Tranſaction upon the Spot, I thought fit to gather many of the collateral Incidents, Similes, Alluſions, and other embelliſhing Circumſtances, as well as ſome Words and Phraſes of Propriety, from the proper Scene of Action, and Parts adjacent; ſo as to adapt the Poem moſt properly to the *Place*. The *Time* of the Main Action alſo conſiſts of about *Six Hours*; each diſtinguiſh'd properly by concomitant Tokens, well known to the Inhabitants.

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Inhabitants. In managing of which, though the more ſtreighten'd thereby of Fancy, I have had this one Advantage of ſervile mechanic Imitators, and Common-place Authors, *viz.* of writing Things certainly *my own*, yea alſo, ſuch as they are! probably *new*.

But, as it's not impoſſible it may likewiſe fall into the Hands of Strangers, and at a Diſtance, and live too when the preſent Generation have all left the Light, I have in the Bottom Margin furniſh'd ſuch with explanatory Notes, as well as illiterate Readers among ourſelves with a few others, which they may need, ſeverally, to apprehend Matters by.

Now, if the neighbourly prime END of it be happily attain'd, let the Execution itſelf be laugh'd at, deſpis'd, or vilify'd, as much as thoſe who know any or no Reaſon for it pleaſe. Real Errors, as well as ſmaller Slips, *quæ aut incuria fudit, &c.* — (As where is the Work which has of all been thought abſolutely clear of 'em; — ſince even that of POPE himſelf has not appear'd infallible;) — are, I queſtion not, plenteous enough in it; and may be conſpicuous to more judicious and leſs concerned Eyes, though my own too fond ones may not have been able hitherto to diſcover them: In which, as the Great VIRGIL himſelf found Gold in the Droſs of ENNIUS, poſſibly the moſt cenſorious and malevolent may own, that though there are

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are ſome * Lines and Paſſages but *ſo ſo enough* of any ZOILUS' Conſcience, a great many more may be *tolerable* and *paſſable*; — and ſome *better* than could be expected from ſuch a *Country City* as is Old EXETER.

I was launching, perhaps, into a too deep Preſumption, and abaſh'd draw back. — And yet, if any one ſhall think fit to attack, cavil at, or banter it, or any the worſt of it he can cull out, let him but do it *fairly*, above-board, like a Man conſcious of his Ability, or righteouſly ſo as it may come duely to my Knowledge, and I will thank him as for a Favour, however roughly, or ſportfully (yet not abuſively), handled by him. If he condemns the Whole in Groſs, or any Part, it ſeems but equitable he ſhould *openly* fix upon Particulars, and aſſign Reaſons, — in their Turn alſo to be examin'd whether ſolid and of Force, or not; — and whether indeed the *found Faults* may not happen to lie in the *Finder*. Such ſometimes proves to be the Caſe. Some Wou'd-be Critick poſſibly but *dream* that even minor Poets (or, if you will ſo have it, Poetaſters) *nod*.

A Man is not, indeed, oblig'd to like a Thing; and it may be juſt enough in him to ſay he does not like it; — and that for the ſubſtantial and unanſwerable

* Alluding to *Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocra, ſunt mala plura*.

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anſwerable Reaſon, *becauſe he does not.* Let a Man be pleas'd at what him pleaſes. But alas! to *prove* the Thing which he may have taken in his Head, or in his Will, to diſlike, (or, haply, has not in his Head whereby to like) to the Author's Face to be in Fact condemnable, and give ſufficient Reaſons why no one elſe ought to like it, may not be ſo eaſy, or ſo ſafe. For the Tables might be turn'd upon him, and the Cauſe of his finding fault may be found to be either his own Malice or Ignorance, as well as Selfconceit, or Want of Judgment, Taſte, or Ingenuity.

If but in private only any abuſively treat this Endeavour to do good, as is too oft' the Cuſtom, ſuch clandeſtine Cenſure is pitiful and ſneaking, and is the Part of but *Scoundrels* in the true Senſe of the Word.

" Something two much, perhaps, of this": For till I hear what Faults ſhall appear in, or be attributed to, the well-intended *Opuſculum*, much Apology ſeems needleſs, and hardly pertinent.

However,— a Word by way of Prevention, in one particular Reſpect, may be requiſite. To aſſay a methodical Narrative of the whole (viſible) Tranſaction, I found a Neceſſity juſt a little to touch on the Appearance in it of our Worſhipful Superiors. The Time, the Deſign, the Nature, the facetious Spirit

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Spirit expectable in ſuch a Poem, all, neceſſarily exacted a like jocular Style in this with what runs through its other Parts. If the light Manner of Expreſſion may ſeem to over-ſuſpicious and fanciful Eyes to betoken an indecent Diſreſpect in *me* towards THEM, ſuch *Seem* is a falſe Appearance. I profeſs a ſincere Veneration for Legal Offices, and all who worthily bear and maintain 'em. Neither indeed hath the Muſe, though ſhe may have been a little familiar, and innocently playſome perhaps, in the leaſt whit been affronting, or even unmannerly. She has not taken a Tithe Part of the Licence claim'd by, and allow'd to, others on like Occaſions. But even had ſhe fallen with downright Invective on the Greateſt among our Citizens that acted ſcandalouſly and baſely in their Stations, ſhe were by Reaſon intirely juſtifiable. "For (ſays the judicious Controvertiſt as well as mighty Poet * MILTON) "though Men ought not to "*ſpeak evil of Dignities* which are juſt, yet no-"thing hinders us to ſpeak evil, as oft' as it is the "Truth, of thoſe who in their Dignities do evil. "Thus did our SAVIOUR himſelf, JOHN the "Baptiſt, and STEPHEN the Martyr."

And ſhould it be conjectur'd there were Inuendo's lurking of ſome not over honourable Management, and ſly Sneers at queer Foibles, in ſome few, even ſuppos'd to be diſtinguiſh'd Perſonages, it

* In his *Iconoclaſtes*. Art. xv.

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it might be anſwer'd, Some Faults and Oddities in ſuch Perſonages may be exploded and ſmiled at, and yet the inviolable Dignity of their Stations and Functions be heartily reſpected. We know what is ſaid to the miſtaken proud Aſs bearing the Image of Isis, by the Kneelers but to the Goddeſs, *Non tibi, ſed Religioni*; — Tis not to *Thee*, dull vain Animal, we pay this Adoration, but to the Divinity which thou, Porter, *beareſt*. Beſides, none but the *Conſcious* and *Gall'd* can be *touch'd* by the poetic Laſh; — and that Laſh but tickles neither.

There may be Affairs carry'd on by but ſome, perhaps a Majority, paſſing in the Name of a Body Corporate, which others of them might utterly abhor, oppoſe, and proteſt againſt. Such Gentlemen (for whom I cheriſh a cordial Affection and Deference) I am confident, have more good Senſe and Good-nature than to conſtrue in ill part the Points hinted at. And their Diſpleaſure alone in the Caſe would grieve me. They will eaſily call to mind, in favour of my wonted Jocularity, that when the *Cynic had in a grave Manner held forth againſt the Vices of the City, and found that People withdrew aloof, and kept almoſt out of Earſhot, he began to tune his Throat, and ſing in a pleaſant Strain Part of a comic Song: Whereby he allured to him a conſiderable Auditory, and gain'd Opportunity of declaiming againſt their favourite

* Diogenes.

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vourite Foibles (though) in his wonted, humerous, more agreeable Way.

To write an Invective againſt the reigning Follies of the Town, in a Mode and Style intirely moroſe and ſtern, would be far leſs efficacious than to do it in a Manner diverting withal, and in jocular though pompous Language. A bitter Preſcription may go down in a ſweet Vehicle, which would be abſolutely refus'd, by moſt Patients, if ſimple and undiſguis'd. Theſe Conſiderations will, I truſt, convince them of the Neceſſity of the harmleſs Freedom taken, or rather with their Brethren, for the ſake of others. As for the reſt, —

"Why, let the ſtrucken Deer go weep,
"The Hart ungalled play."

The random Verſe pretends to aim at no body. And if any body will, by crying out, declare himſelf an hit ſome-body, no-body will pity him, but every-body laugh at him.

As for any coxcombic, proud, pitiful, Jacks-in-Office, or "pelting petty Officers", carrying Bull-beef Grandeur in their Strut and Aſpect, I ſcorn to excuſe my at any Time ridiculing ſuch ſtately Foppery. Pride is odious in any; but moſt ſo in ſuch as can boaſt of no Great Extraction, and of but mean Qualifications. The Pride of ſuch is moſt deſpicable; its Emblem the ſwelling little Reptile in the Fable.

Perſons

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Perſons remote, who may poſſibly look over this little Piece of Raillery, may want to be adver-tis'd, That in the Time of the laſt * Election of Members to repreſent this City in Parliament, one Party diſtinguiſh'd themſelves by Cockades of BLUE COLOUR or YELLOW. The Seat of one of the then choſen Members ſoon after becoming va-cant, before it was known who would be Candi-dates for the Succeſſion, the MOB (who before us'd to bawl about the Street, *Sound for* .... ſuch an one: or *Sound for* .... ſuch! — naming the Gentlemen) reſolving moſtly to ſtick to their Leaders, or Alloers, in the foregoing Election, though intirely ignorant particularly for whom, chang'd their Notes to *Sound for the Blue!* and *Sound for the Yellow!* — meaning thereby they were reſolute Retainers to ſuch dif-ferent Parties as had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by Ribons of thoſe ſeveral Colours: And thence *the Blue* and *the Yellow* became the adopted Terms for *Tory* and *Whig*, &c. Thoſe who eſteem them-ſelves of the Better Sort preſently learning them, as well as the polite and genteel calling of *Sh-ſack!* of the Filth and Offscouring of the Kennel.

As MOBBING and Outrage are indeed but ſuch, of whichſoever Side the Queſtion, and ſcandalous alike, I impartially diſlike, and would equally explode, the bad Humour in *both*. But if

* That which preceded the Mayoralty of Mr. ARTHUR CULME, which began in September 1737.

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it be objected, that I oftenest thus mention the *Blue*, I answer that I do it nothing in Proportion to the different Outcries made.

Nor let it be understood as if I found fault with, or would ridicule, TRUE PATRIOTS — (as such among us there are, who aim the Publick Peace, and to prefer Worthy Persons, whose Wish and Endeavour are the Welfare of the Nation, and of this City particularly; — I say, I would not have it thought that I in the least blame such) — for their most strenuous Opposition, in due Season, to a boisterous Faction. No. Nor can they, I think, be discommended, of either Side, when MOBBING is ply'd upon them to obstruct their lawful Proceedings, in Times of Choosing, for defending Themselves and Rights, and repelling Force by *then* necessary and justifiable Force, even the like Force — defensively. My goodnatured Satire bites, or rather gently nibbles, such only as are the *first Mobbers*, or Raisers and Encouragers of *Mobs*, and such as perpetually belch out the disturbing Spirit of *Mobbing*, and abuse Passengers or the Inhabitants, when they cannot feign the least Reason for so doing. The same well-meaning Satire aims to shame People, who would be disgusted to be reckon'd not of Gentility and Good Fashion, not only from joining personally with, but also from abetting, or even tacitly and passively countenancing, such Abominations in the prophane Rout.

ANDREW BRICE.

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A SECOND PREFACE,

Now in 1770.

THUS concluded the PREFACE writ more than Thirty Years ago. Haply ſuch as are apt to "ſleep, ſave under a Jig or a "Tale of ....," may think it too prolix. Yet, as 'tis elucidating, as well as apologetic, it hopes from the Generous ſome Indulgence; — we knowing not well to abridge it conſiderably, but by abandoning the Performance to unjuſt Surmiſes. Favour may be the rather look'd for, in this Reſpect, from the ample Compenſation made by my withdrawing ſome Hundreds of Lines, poſſibly many of the moſt luſcious — [We mean not *obſcene*] — Lines, from the Poem itſelf, to reduce its Bulk, &c. However tedious the Prefatory Compartment be, ſomething *additional* is ſtill very requiſite.

In

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In Anſwer to an inquiſitive many: That the Poem was not forthwith, when compoſed, publiſh'd, was principally owing to my being attack'd with various intervening Maladies, and other very pitiable and forbidding Incidents, which had ſet it by, ſcarcely at long length, remember'd. Thoſe miſerable Circumſtances had quite overwhelm'd me long ere I conceiv'd an Idea of any TOPOGRAPHIC DICTIONARY; — that arduous Undertaking, Labour inconceiveable, and Attention without Reſpite, which engroſs'd me whole! In the midſt of which I was again ſuddenly flung at the very Threſhold of Death's Door.

I err'd in ſaying *engroſs'd me whole:* For all the ſame while the Management of my News-paper, and *all* and *every* the Offices of a Maſter Printer, Corrector, *&c. &c. whatſoever*, lay upon ſingle me. I could ill be ſaid ever at all to *reſt*; for when any ſhort Slumber ſhould have ſome little eas'd my over-labour'd Thoughts, the DICTIONARY, that *Siſyphian* Toil! ſtill haunted me, as bad perhaps as a perpetual *Ephialtes*, during near Five Years together, without Relaxation.

Notwithſtanding all — (Be tributary Thanks devoutly offer'd *in the Higheſt*, and render'd here *below*, * where ſecondarily due!) — I have *wonderfully!*

* Namely to the worthy Mr. J. PATCH, ſtill living, and my ſole ſurviving Helper. *O! ſero in cælum redeat!*

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derfully! liv'd; nay, and liv'd to ſee, and to rejoice in ſeeing, a very happy Alteration in Numbers of the Common People. The more Conſiderate Sort growing aſham'd of ſuch horrible Mobbings, the Populace have grown alſo leſs frequently riotous, in natural very Conſequence. Depriv'd of the intoxicating *Swill*, heretofore laviſh'd in Profuſion on 'em, to ſet them outragiouſly a madding, in order to ſerve no very laudable Purpoſe, they have become in *Fact* much ſoberer, in Deſpite of even any natural Propenſity to, or habitual Avidity of, the annual Draff.

The Boys, whom I juſtly ſtyled the JUNIOR MOB, and who bore ſo brutal, ſo ſcandalous, a Part in the Mobbing Tranſactions of the Day, (and which latter were delineated, and painted from the real very Life, in the Poem) have ſince that Time totally deſiſted from ſuch abominable and dangerous Practiſes. Such their Reformation may poſſibly have been owing, in a meaſure, to better Tutorage, and ſtricter Diſcipline at School; the Charity-Schools not excepted.

I with Pleaſure, moreover, ſee Reformation and Improvement particularly in our Butchers; thoſe rugged *Chieftans* of the MOB in their *Old Days* of Battle. They moſtly prove at this Juncture very different Perſons from thoſe deſcribed as in former Times. Several of them now appear as polite in Converſation at leaſt as other Tradeſmen, nor are they

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they at Elections more turbulent; on the contrary their Countenances appear far leſs truculent at them than heretofore they did. And, — Who could ever have expected, Thirty Three Years ago, that the Shambles would ſo have produced a ROSCIUS *(a)* for the Stage! —

I, for my own Part, (ever loth to offend) am become full eaſy in the *Publication* at *this* ſo diſtant a Time from the *penning* of the Poem; in as much as there remains alive not ſo much as One Individual of thoſe who were, in any reſpect, glanced at, or ſatirically alluded to, in the pompouſly-ludicrous Touch-of-the-Time: — that blameable *Old Time.* Nor is there one ſingle Perſon NOW who can reaſonably think *himſelf* levell'd at thereby. Such therefore as ſhew themſelves touch'd will be Funners of themſelves.

The MUSE indeed ingenuouſly owns, ſhe deſigned a ſlight fling, or ſo, at ſome *greatly offending* FEW. Nor *now* at all repents ſhe. She wrong'd neither of them in the ſmalleſt Tittle, when ſhe deſcribed their ridiculous ſtrutting Mien, their fulſome fantaſtic Behaviour, to ſay no worſe, at all Times. And, alas! did I but relate that vile, cruel, yet ſottiſh, Attempt upon my very *Life,* (entirely innocent and faultleſs in Deed, Word,

(a) Roſcius, viz. Our worthy good Friend Mr. JOS. FOOT.

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Word, and Thought,) the Day, the *very mad* Day, Twelve-month after the Æra of the Poem, viz. in *Sept.* 1738, when the Mayoralty of Mr. CULME was just upon its Expiration; — by himself the said Right Worshipful, the then R-c-d-r, and divers collected Aldermen; and these goaded on by TERTULLUS SECUNDUS, of *Croak-Hum*: All full of Fury: Subserviently aided by a Posse of over-officious Constables, and *Mob-Constables* for the Day: — I say, did I, as I might, fully detail the vile Affair, Readers might cry Amazement! at my uncommon Passivity, and think me indeed *Pidgeon-liver'd*, in not having been adequately *severe* upon them. But I pretty well expos'd their headlong Doings, and satisfactorily aveng'd myself, then forthwith, in my News-paper.

I particularly confess to have tipp'd a poetic Fillip or two on some of the latterly mention'd *inferior Great Ones*, at whose Head *march'd*, or rather *pranced*, my worthy sweet *Brother* GEO. C-M-NGS: HE, who endeavour'd, by Wheedle, to seduce my very Daughter, as HE *thought* and *design'd*, to get her own Father *murder'd* in the Name of *Law*. In setting forth his coxcombic Air in the Ambulation to the Life, the MUSE has aim'd at doing less than Justice: As all who remember him will, I believe, amply testify. — *N. B.* He being highest Bidder for the *Short Staff*, or *Captainship* as call'd, procured the said Truncheon to be ornamentally tipp'd at each End with Silver, and his Name, &c. engrav'd thereon.

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Born, bred, brought up, and having always dwelt, in this City, I have a ſort of natural Inclination to love her, as my Mother, and wiſh ſincerely for her Welfare. And having been well accepted, and in the main handſomly treated, from my puerile Days upward, by the Generality even of the Better Sort, I joyfully congratulate my worthy Townſmen on the happy Reformation of Behaviour that hath *in Part* already taken place, eſpecially at Elections, — though not as yet to *all Perfection*, and ſuch as, we hope, Time will gradually bring about.

And, oh! may this my playſome Satire, and jocular Rebuke, greatly conduce thereto!

During my poor Remains of Life I ſhall heartily wiſh a Continuance of Proſperity, and growing Reputation, in all Reſpects, to this my beloved native *EXETER* — (from which no Endeavours have prevail'd to draw me away) — till with all other Places ſhe be, at laſt, diſſolved.

ANDREW BRICE.

P. S. I beg it may be remember'd all along, that all the *Notes* and *Comments* were written at the ſame Time with the *Poem* itſelf, except a few additional recent ones, for Diſtinction's ſake done in *Italics*, and included in Crotches [ ].

PROEM.

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PROEM.

HOW Lords defunct grow *Cherubs* may pertain
To reaching Bards, — who Heav'n explore,— the Strain;
Who ken, with licens'd Eyes of glaring Hope,
Beyond the Stars, through Fancy's Teleſcope;
Puff'd by ſome feign'd URANIA to the Flight
Where *Rapture* bids the Things of *Senſe* good-night.
Be theirs with mercenary Fibs to treat
How Heav'n *reſpects the Perſons* — of the GREAT!
Worthies of virtuous Indigence — (For why
May *Virtue* not ſubſiſt with *Penury?*) —
Might nobly ſtarving die, nor Half a Line
Canonize Them, or at their Fate repine.
To ſee *them* ſoar admits no ſideling Glance
Towards the Poet's Penſion or Advance;
Whilſt Pimps to Pride by glav'ring Lays may thrive,
Who praiſe the Dead — to flatter the Alive.

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Not Us by ſuch Abuſe of Verſe behoves
To compliment vain Mortals up to JOVES;
Though --(fram'd of an *unfaſhionable* Mood)--
We'd celebrate the ſcorn'd, brave, tatter'd,
GOOD;
Adore true WORTH and RIGHTEOUSNESS in
Thrall,
And bow to MERIT in an Hoſpital.

Be't humble ours, impartial ours, to ſhew,
In earthly Rhime, Deeds viſible below.
Nor far let our *domeſtic Genius* roam,
Impuls'd to *(a)* chaunt but Vulgar Facts
at Home:
Yet ſcorn, like *(b)* Bird in borrow'd Plumes,
to grace
With pilfer'd Diction Thoughts of Common-
place.
And may, if well ſucceeds our timely Aim,
More uſeful prove the low, the laic Theme.
We own it mean, — yet not of Matter poor;
Nor find the needed Subject ſung before.

(a) Alluding to HORACE's —— *Veſtigia Græca*
Auſi deſerere, et celebrare domeſtica facta.

(b) Bird, &c. According to the Fable.

THE

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THE

MOBIAD;

OR,

BATTLE OF THE VOICE.

CANTO I.

OF MOBS, and Miſchiefs which from MOBBING ſpring,
And pell-mell BATTLE of the VOICE, I ſing:
Nor that alone; — for oft' the Conteſt knows
Voice roughly ſeconded by Fifty Blows,
And Knocks more ſolid which hard *(t) Noddles* throw,
And Gripes and Tugs above, and Kicks below;
Whilſt,

(t) Noddles.) Though *Noddle* properly ſignifies but the *Occiptium*, or Hinder-Part of the Head; yet is it among the Vulgar us'd for *the Head* entire; but us'd indeed ſomewhat contemptuouſly, like as a *Block Head*, a *Logger Head*, &c. — the beſt Heads in the World for Boxers, Bruiſers, and Cudgellers.

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Whilſt, in *Cloſe Hugs*, clandeſtine Tooth and Nail,
Unmanly, with diſhoneſt Wounds prevail;
That Scratches, Bumps, Black-Eyes, and Plaiſters worn,
Veſture beſmear'd with trickled Blood, and torn,
Diſjointed Thumbs, and many a feſter'd Scar,
Record the Fury of the baleful War.

This War, — this Gallimawfry of Debate,
Which I, — " Thing unattempted yet! " — relate,
This War owns Fellows-All, like Football Play,
And, — as if All Mankind were of one Clay, —
Diſtinction quits, — that Offal Mumpers boaſt
Themſelves ſo good as Rulers of the Roaſt;
Makes Titles ſtoop, and with exalting Fire
Scrubs face a Knight, and Scoundrels ſide a *(d)* 'Squire;

Levels

(d) Country Eſquires and Gentlemen having of late [*viz. about the Time of writing this Poem*] very politely mingled with the common Townſmen at Elections for Mayor, as much as for Members of Parliament, as *honourary Freemen.*

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Levels fix'd Merchants of Bale'd Staple Ware
With Merchants vagrant in a Peddling Fair;
Sets Ale-men, Alms-men, Aldermen, in Band,
Tight by each other, *brotherly*, to ſtand;
Makes Maſters liſt with Journeymen, and bears
Shopkeepers to take on with Garretteers;
Rebellious Sons, unnatural of Tongue,
Brave theirs, perverſly, from whoſe Loins they ſprung;
Flim-ſinew'd Taylors with a bluſt'ring Rage
Tarpawlings, bred in Tempeſts, to engage;
Saint-Methodiſts communicate in Din, —
Strange Coalition! — with the Dead in Sin;
Smutch'd Colliers, armour'd in girt Horſehair Bags,
With mealy Millers to exchange their *Fags*;
Mean Oſtlers Big Innholders to oppoſe;
Lean Weavers dare fat Clothiers to the Noſe;
Spruce Valets cope gruff Grooms with rugged Noiſe,
And Learn'd Attorneys Clerks — rude 'Prentice Boys;
Makes Throats divine, whence Anthems ſoar on high,
Chime in with theirs who Rags or Rabbits cry;

Makes

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Makes ſloven Slaves who frowſy *(e)* Urine drive
With *(f)* Beaus who draw *Port*'s racy Wine to ſtrive;
Sweepers of Chimneys full prophanely ruſh
On Sextons, who the holy Chancel bruſh;
Hod-bearers, and who trample *Cob*, to bawl
Againſt their ſerv'd Up-rearers of the Wall;
Tinker his Powder black with Barber's white,
And Blood on Butcher, ſcuffling, to unite;
Brings Gatherers of Taxes loud to vie
With Gatherers of Aſhes — to make Lie;
Truſt-needing, broke, Ha'penny-Pamphleteers
With hoſtile Bawl bombard their Printers Ears;
Debtors not dodge the *Bum*'s rapacious Paw,
Nor from ſtern Headle flinch poor *Rogues-by-Law*;
Makes Juſtice, warm'd, abet Sedition fell,
And Thief back a Companion Conſtable;
Them mingles who gauge Barrels, — or rid Bogs,
Command or School or Jail, — or ſerve the Hogs;

Dung-

(e) Viz. to the Fulling-Mills, from the ſtinking Abodes of the Female Collectors of it, *(f)* Tavern Drawers.

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Dung-carriers, Cooks, and who Catharticks vend,
Gems, Gewgaws, Grots; Bibles or Bellows mend;
Subſiſt by Cards or Cocks, Heirs, Hurts, or Hops;
Make Coffins, *Crowds*, Malt, Marriages, or Mops;
Teach Birds or Witneſſes; Eſtates convey
Or Rubbiſh; ſmuggle, or watch Ships at Kay;
Cutters of Corks, Corns, Capers; Every Sort
And Size of Folk; ſuch greedy War (in ſhort)
As for Recruits craves Blind and Halt, nor fails
To rake the Hoſpitals and ſkim the Jails.
Yea, frail Inforcement Troops of Manhood glads
From crazy Dotards and yet callow Lads;
Worn wriſled Crones, green Girls, and mellow Maids,
Wives, Wh—, or Widows, ſerve as ſcolding Aids;
Unbreecheſt Urchins liſp their puny Might,
And puling Chits ſquall to aſſay the Fight.

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¶ True-humour'd Pow'r of righteous RIDICULE,
That jeers the idle Hurry of the Fool;
Brands Villains whom Laws reach not, as in Game,
And ſneers the Fop's Vainglory into Shame;
Religion's Hood from Hypocrites can ſteal,
And the falſe Patr'ot through his Maſk reveal;
Degrade bad Miniſters in Seats ſublime,
And gibbet Judges, when unjuſt, in Rhime:
THOU, --- who gav'ſt BUTLER, in his HUDIBRAS,
To ſwinge the Whims of EACH fanatic Claſs;
BUTLER, who cou'd with mimic Sportings teaſe,
Chide with a Smile, and with Correction pleaſe;
THOU, --- who BOILAU taught'ſt with facetious Taunt
Prieſts deadly Dudgeon for the *(g)* DESK to chaunt,
(Dudgeon, which made ROME's ghoſtly Gluttons keep
Faſts uninjoin'd, and Sluggards baulk a Sleep)
When

(g) In his Poem call'd The LUTRIN, in Engliſh *a Deſk.*

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When in a Saint's calm Chapple it befell
That *(b)* earthly Wrath with heav'nly Minds
cou'd dwell,
Whilſt the proud Prelate curſt Revenge ex-
preſs'd,
As he in ſolemn Prank the Chauntor bleſs'd:
THOU, who ſhew'd'ſt *(i)* GARTH with
Wit's poetic Mawl
On his own jarring Faculty to fall,
And frump ſage WARWICK-LANE's tranſport-
ing Feud, [Blood,
Confeſſing *(k)* POEAN's Sons the Sons of
That with unlicens'd Uſe of mortal Skill,
Whilſt ſcap'd the Stick, they'd one another
kill;
Kill without Phyſick, and, ſurpriſing! ſee
Death-Pangs with Pleaſure, — though without
a Fee:

(b) Anſwering to VIRGIL's *Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?*

(i) Viz. in his Poem call'd THE DISPENSARY.

(k) POEAN, the Name of APOLLO, properly as the God or Father of Phyſicians.

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THOU, CONCORD's Goddeſs! Thou moſt
uſeful MUSE!
Me kindly to explode vile FACTION uſe,
Whom friendly Piques, benevolent in Ire,
To ſcoff down ſhrewd, yet empty, SQUABLES
fire!

A Lancet-Pen, ſet ſweetly keen, prepare
For my Attempt, by thy conducting Care,
The Boil to ope with ſuch chirurgic Art,
Its Point may tickle with a wholeſome Smart!

What might deſpair the Pulpit, Bar, and
Stage, [Rage,
E'er to atchieve, though ſhou'd combine their
May'ſt THOU, by-ſtanding, from the abler Preſs
Accompliſh with a Wonder of Succeſs! —
Since Sermons fail, let a Deſcriptive Flout,
Held a reflecting Mirrour, bring about;
With Raillery cut vicious Follies down,
And force to Laughter, to reform, the Town!

'Twas

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'Twas thus with Joke to honeſt *(l)* VULCAN giv'n
To reconcile an houſhold Brawl in Heav'n;
Whoſe ſeaſon'd Check, divine Buffoon!— beguil'd
JOVE's Wrath, and turn'd ev'n Vixen JUNO mild.
He limp'd to fill, with Mein of comic Sort,
The Peace-confirming Mazer of the Court.
Each boon Celeſtial quaff'd, in jovial Round,
His brimful Bowl, with nappy Nectar crown'd,
And Party Heats in ſocial Pledgings drown'd.

Help me rebuke, thus, our Inteſtine Fight
By painting it ridiculous to Sight:
Yet, though be drawn in ſtrong Groteſque the Strife,
Be all deſign'd and colour'd from the Life.
Good-natur'd the Intention, though ſevere
Sometimes our Verbal Picturings appear,
Who, --- ludicrous of Indignation, --- prove
Jocoſe in Cenſure, and inveigh in Love,
And,

(l) VULCAN.) See HOM. *Iliad*, Book i. at the Concluſion.

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And, ſcatt'ring Blame amid the blameful Throng,
Drub but with Drollery and ſcourge in Song.

Yet firſt it's fitting we in Grief rehearſe
Our wretched Change in ſome more ſerious Verſe,
Led blind from *(m)* Wiſdom's peaceful Paths aſtray,
And pitch'd in Folly's deep diſturbed Way,
Or headlong ruſh'd from ſlighted Welfare's Height,
To plunge and flounder in a rueful Plight.

¶ In ALBION's Weſt *erſt* throve a Town (ere more
There MOBS prevail'd than *(n)* MONKS ſo heretofore)
On which fair *(o)* ISCA ſervile waits, whoſe Site
NATURE to load with Dainties own'd Delight,
And

(m) Alluding to *Wiſdom's Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, and all her Paths are Peace.*

(n) *Exeter* was once ſo over-run with Monaſteries, and the Vermin therein fed, that it obtain'd the Nickname *Monkton.*

(o) ISCA, or *Iſc*, the River now pronounced *Exe.*

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And by *her (p)* Works fence'd from Annoys
to Health,
Whilſt with Home PLENTY vy'd Imported
WEALTH:
For did its *(q)* Empory in Gain ſurpaſs,
Though now ſob we the Boaſt what Com-
merce *was!*
There *did* indulgent PEACE (as Antients tell)
And gay GOOD-NEIGHBOURHOOD, ſweet
Couple! dwell.
NATURE to pamper yet abides; but, ah!
Did friendly Love, off hiſs'd, with Trade
withdraw.
In ſtead, Spleen, Diſcord, and Contention, have
Flung murder'd Peace in an opprobrious
Grave,
Laid infamous Inſcriptions on her Tomb,
And voted Death eternal as her Doom.

That

(p) Her Works.) The City being naturally encompaſſed with Hills, which help to break the Force of injurious Winds, &c.

(q) Empory.) The Woollen Manufacture and Trade in former happy Days exceedingly flouriſh'd here in every Branch of it.

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That GOODWILL Angels pſalm'd from Heav'n of Yore
Is own'd our Duty and true Bliſs no more.
Sweet Moderation's deem'd a ſneaking Sin,
A treach'rous Gate to let Deſtruction in;
Whilſt headſtrong Paſſion and a rampant Zeal
For ſtormy Nonſenſe aggrandize our Weal!

Hence ragged Penury hath ſeiz'd the Place,
And Deſolation much deform'd its Face.
(r) Houſes, ſhut up, with diſmal Fronts declare,
Unhop'd a Tenant or a patch'd Repair.
Yea ſome, by Rats themſelves abandon'd, own,
Their tott'ring Symptoms, and for Ruin groan;
Or faln, as if by the diſgraceful Doom
Denounc'd in Scripture, Hills of Dung become,
Too like our *(s) Rock-Lane*'s moſt upbraiding Ground,
Where once were Charitable Manſions found,
On which lo! Mountains of curſt Rubbiſh riſe,
To draw, like BABEL, Vengeance from the Skies.

Hence

(r) [*Such really was the Caſe at the Time referr'd to, (in* 1737 *&* 1738.*) when the Poem was moſtly wrote.*]

(s) [*The Complaint is now taken off.*]

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Hence Induſtry, which, by a ſkilful Hand,
Adorns, and fortifies with Wealth, a Land,
Baulk'd and deſpis'd, ſcarce lives; or ſeems no more
Than a mad Induſtry here to be poor.
Hence we to Swarms of cumbrous Idlers owe
Self-ſhaming Sighs, and Looks of guilty Woe,
Who might for worthy Bread with honeſt Joy
Their gainful Hands in proſper'd Arts imploy,
But that, with epidemic Itch o'er-run
For Mobbing, they the Means of thriving ſhun,
And vy in Labour to be moſt undone.

Be yet confeſs'd the Joy (nor let our Foes
Couch'd here a knaviſh Irony ſuppoſe)
That with our abject Dregs of Folk alone
Such begg'ring Fury holds a lawleſs Throne!
Joy that no RULER's Bent permits to fear
(t) A roaring Lion or a ranging Bear!

(t) Roaring Lion, &c. See *Prov.* xxviii. 15.

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No Turbulence of Soul can recommend
One who ſhould to conſerve the Calm aſcend!
Nor Candor's deem'd, but by the Raſcal Race,
A Vice diſqualifying for a Place!
No: Men of Poſt the Way of Peace purſue,
Though rais'd in Uproar by a factious Crew!

But hourly we in Vulgar Converſe find
A froward Jargon harrows up the Mind.
One, ceaſeleſs, dull, coarſe Tintamar of Prates,
Fatiguing Senſe, a manly Hearing grates.
Thence due Complacence and humane Deport
Excluded are, or but receiv'd for Sport.

Contention which, when Night's illumin'd Queen
Was in twelve full re-borrow'd Luſtres ſeen,
Here ſought diſturbing Reign by Law a Day,
Now through the Year affects diſorder'd Sway,
More vile, more horrid, ſhocks with freſh Alarms,
And, reſtleſs, keeps her Standing Troops to [Arms.

In

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In this frail Age of *Abſtinence!* when die
The Great — quick as the Little *bruſh away,*
And ſome One of our *(u)* Guardians Twice a Score
Mounts on the Bleſſings of their feaſted Poor!
That ſcarce a Month the Sky's bright Burghers miſs
To welcome ſome juſt Steward to their Bliſs,
And hear th' Approbat from th' Empyrean Throne,
" Well haſt thou, good and faithful Servant, [done!
And " Bleſſed, come; for Heav'n ſhall reimburſe,
" With Gain, the Lendings of thy empty'd [Purſe!"
ELECTIONS on ELECTIONS crowd ſo faſt,
A new begins ere a preceeding's paſt.

(u) Guardians.) The Corporation of Guardians of the Poor, Forty in Number. When one of the Number dies, another is always to be elected in his ſtead; which Election is --[*was at the Time here ſatiriz'd*]-- carry'd on, oftentimes, with more Noiſe and Party Fury than in ſome Places perhaps that of Repreſentatives in Parliament.

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Such chaunt we not, nor which in Senate gives
To ſit the Town's *(x)* Twin Repreſentatives:
Sing we but what, in Annual Courſe, came on
The Day of Old devoted to the *(y)* MOON,
When SOL Two Se'enights had oblique his Chair
Wheel'd ſince from (z) Six to Six he made [Career,
With fainter Beams in our cool'd Hemiſphere:
About that Tide when Geeſe, in Panniers ſquat,
Turn up alluring Shows of copious Fat;
That Day (*a*) when firſt, enwrapp'd in ſlabby Rags,
Our *(b)* STARCROSS Mer-Maids caſt their [Oiſter-Drags,
Whoſe

(x) Two Repreſentatives for this City in Parliament.

(y) *Moon*, i. e. *Monday*, ſo call'd from our Heathen Saxon Anceſtors on that Day worſhipping the Moon.

(z) *Six to Six*) viz. about a Fortnight ſince Sept. 11, O.S.

(a) *That Day*) viz. the Monday before Michaelmas-Day.

(b) The ſame Day on which we chooſe our Mayor, the Oiſter-Women of Starcroſs, &c. are allowed to begin dragging for Oiſters.

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Whoſe fiſhy Ends, hid in their modeſt Boats,
Need not like Trowſers form their Petticoats:
That Year when Pilchards (*c*) to Our Betters ſhew'd
Too plenteous to be *faſhionably* good,
With whom goes down no *cheaply-vulgar* Meat,
But (learn'd with artful Elegance to eat)
Force'd Viands praiſe, of recommending Coſt,
When out of Kind, as out of Seaſon, moſt:
Year ſince Diſtillers wail'd the mulcted Sin
Which ſooth'd the Torture of the Guts with Gin,
Save when Two Gallons, ſold exempt of Awe,
From crimeleſs Cogues, as 'twere made drunk by Law.
That Year when (*d*) CRUX (as by Magician's [Spell
Ghoſts dragg'd ariſe, but ſlip again to Hell)
Slunk

(*c*) Scarce ever within Memory were Pilchards ſo plentiful and cheap in theſe Parts as in this Year 1737.— Some of the Gentry eſteem'd them a Nuiſance.

(*d*) *Treville Croſs*, Eſq; a certain half-mad half-fool 'Squire,

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Slunk from his *Manſion*-Jail with ſour Regret,
And choſe *for once* to pay the charging Debt;
But, ſick of nauſeous Creditors, agen
For Cure reclaim'd the Dun-defying Den.
That Year when in the fair Six-Gated Cloſe
To GOD devoted, (though there (*e*) MAMMON goes)
As (*f*) Limes had fail'd, young thriving Elms aroſe.

Yet ere arrives the critic Day, whereon
The FIGHT DECISIVE muſt be loſt or won,
Alehouſe

'Squire, of a very good Eſtate, who never caring to pay anybody, ly'd perpetually in Jail: But at this Juncture fearing the Act for the Relief of Inſolvent Priſoners for Debt would affect his Lands and Tenements, he paid the Debt he was charg'd in Cuſtody for, and came out. Though he preſently took care to return back to his ſaid beloved Habitation. Is not ſuch an one a proper Object for Satire?

(*e*) The Church-yard, where our Merchants, &c. &c. aſſemble to talk of Trade and Buſineſs, &c.

(*f*) Some Years after the prodigious great Storm in 1703 in room of the very large Elms which had been torn up by the Roots, were Lime-Trees orderly planted; but not thriving, indeed gradually dying, Elms were, as at preſent, planted their Succeſſors, and flouriſh well.

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Alehouſe Alarms, Street Camps, and Kennel Wars,
Prelude th' Heroi-Comi-Tragi-Farce.

Not brooking well wiſh'd Time's too tardy Flight,
O'er Pipe and Quart, many a ling'ring Night,
With Fronts of Council, in important State,
Huge as of GERMANY th' ELECTORS mate.
Scarce paramount Receivers of Exciſe
Heap Royal Pelf in more majeſtic Guiſe.
Scarce with a Swell of more judicious Look
Foremen of Juries kiſs the Sacred Book.
Scarce Pariſh-Warden, at an Eaſter Feaſt,
Nods Bigger, toaſted by th' obliging Prieſt.
The Baptiſt Saint ſcarce at *Stich-Hall* may ſee
More grand the Chiefs of Cabbage-Company.
Scarce a bluff Skipper, in his Realm of Wood,
Top'd up a petty Godhead of the Flood,
With kembo'd Arm, full Paunch, and bully Face,
O'er Punch-bowl ſmoaks with more elated [Grace.

Scarce

Scarce ſtrolling Hero in Stage-Buſkins dreſt,
Plum'd Helmet, ermin'd Robe, and gemmy Veſt,
Between the Acts a mightier Aſpect wears,
Whilſt He upon the Candle-ſnuffer ſwears.
Nay, an Ale-Draper ſcarce, — (who through the Bung [Dung,
Once Barrels ſcour'd of Dregs, ſwept Stalls of
But now by Sots ſo (g) *dam'd enrich'd* to deck
With Golden Chain his Heireſs Daughter's Neck) [Pout
At Door, in cuſhion'd Chair, with Grander
Extends his Cloath-Shoe Signal of the Gout.

Talk in Alliance future Deeds diſplays,
And ſcarce a Brag but which its Thouſand ſlays;
Or (where in common Room, oppos'd in Will,
Men, jumbled cloſe, Mugs independent ſwill)
At

(g) *Dam'd* is now by many us'd as the Superlative Degree, as ſignifying *very much*. My Meaning is, enrich'd by diſhoneſt Means; what is too common.

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At Variance to a preſent Charge invites,
And bick'ring Boaſts prove Overtures of Fights;
Loquacious Tongues in pellmell Clutter run,
As Breathings ere the Battle Main's begun.

Ale-houſes diſtant vent their Claſh ſo ſtrong,
As if did all to one join'd Rout belong:
And yet diſtinguiſh we from whence and whom
Th' emphatic Twangs of boiſt'rous Babble come.

So, on th' Inauguration of a King,
When greater Six of our great Ten Bells ring,
Beyond the reſt we note, each mighty Round,
The Cadence from huge (*b*) GRANDISON reſound.

PISTOL the Second flaſhing Bounce lets off,
More ſurly render'd by a mingled Cough.
CULTER (*i*) (whom Shares of *liquid Bets* rejoice)
Sputters his dire Ferocity of Voice.

C TESTY,

(*b*) *Grandiſon*, from the Biſhop of that Name who gave it, is the Name of the largeſt of our Bells in Peal.

(*i*) *Ben. Corniſh*, the Cuttler.

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TESTY, whoſe Clamour ſnarls, with Looks aſkew,
Holds forth as if he hallow'd for the *Blue*;
Whilſt (*k*) GLASSMAN, tameleſs by a Thouſand Bangs,
As bold a Clangour for the *Yellow* twangs.
THROUGHSTITCH (*l*) the ſaucy, who, each Quart, outlies
All * *Philomaths* who ere miſ-read the Skies,
And irritates correcting Fiſts and Feet,
Is heard to bellow through a Mile of Street.
CASTOR *(m)*, with creaking Words, half ſnuffled, brays
Odious as, wrangling, he at Cribbage plays:
Ne'er did a hamper'd Hog whine ſo abhorr'd,
Nor Gelder's Clarion naſtier Shriek afford.

SWIL-

(*k*) *Ingram* (the firſt of the Family) the Glazier.

(*l*) *Throughſtitch.*) This Spark had his Character drawn long before this Time as --- 'A pert, noiſy, empty, pragmatical, preſuming, impudent, contemptible, abominable, Coxcomb, Lyar, &c. &c.

* *Philomaths.*) Almanack-makers.

(*m*) *B—ngh—m*, the Hatter.

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SWILGALLON (*n*), laviſh of more Roar by half
Than APEWELL mimicking Owl, Aſs, and Calf,
Blaſts his big Organs in a deeper Key
Than Horns, and Hounds, and Bumpkins, raiſe, when they
With joint Cry open'd ſcare the chaced Prey.

Morn, Even, Noon, and intervening Hours,
Inſulting Terrors now beſiege our Doors.
Where'er ye turn, reproachful Flings ye meet,
And lubberly Affronts oppoſe your Feet.
A curriſh Growl, and a deep maſtive Bark,
Bays you in Light, and follows in the Dark:
(o) H-a-a-a-h! with Barbarity of Look gnarrs one,
Like Butcher's Dog o'er a defended Bone,
Plain in the Muſcles of whoſe ruffian Face
The Wiſh of bloody Maſſacre ye trace:

(n) Swilgallon. John St-v-ns.

(o) H-a-a-ah!) They pronounce this ugly ſpiteful *Hah* with a rugged, harſh, grating ſort of a Quaver, much lengthen'd, like the arring or gnarring Growl of a great Dog.

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Concerters run to back the odious Cry,
And, grinning, ſnarl a ſurly Symphony.
Next flock groteſque around a ſaunt'ring Crew,
And perſecute you with *Sound for the Blue!*
Or ſcarce leſs horribly your Patience wound
With like Annoyance, *For the Yellow ſound!*
Confus'd you compaſs, leap with daſhing Pace,
And yelp foul Jeers with impudent Grimace;
With flouriſh'd Felts, perhaps ſkin-deep, aſſail
Your Face, and rankling leave a ghaſtly Ail.
Though paſſive ye mute expedite your Way,
Outrage obſcene will after you inveigh.
Nay, thankful be if ye ſo clean evade,
Nor more material Peſt'rings cannonade.
When no ſlain Cat, Clout, Shoe, nor Filth advance,
Salute yourſelves the Favorites of Chance;
Bleſt if you ſlip their ſcarifying Claws,
Or ſcape expectorated Shot from Jaws.
Sing Laud in Rapture, if unkick'd your Shin,
Though ſpatter'd, ſtinking, drips entire of Skin.

View

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View with Delight your footed Hat compound
For Coat's not ſweeping, with You dragg'd, the Ground.
Nay, if o'ercaſt, for Miracle record
That Ye ariſe nor bruis'd, ſtamp'd, punch'd nor [gor'd:
And hymn Te Deum, as for Life's Return,
If a ſore-grip'd, not ſtrangled, Throat ye mourn.

What though ſome Topping Vulgar may [forbear
In Perſon to aſſaſſinate your Ear,
Too often they ſuborn th' Inferior Mob
With vaſſal Rage you of your Peace to rob:
With hir'd Sedition they direct the Broil,
And pay in Drink the Wages of the Toil.

So thoſe whom Maſtives combating delight,
To ſtimulate them to the fangy Fight,
Stroke firſt their hardy Loins, then to purſue
With ſervile Barkings cry Alloo! Alloo!
And, when they have ſuſtain'd the prompted [Fray,
Spit in their Mouths the filthy liquid Pay.

End of the firſt Canto.

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CANTO II.

AT length that *(a)* Monday which the Day preceeds,
When prais'd the brave (*b*) Arch-Angel's dough-[ty Deeds,
Heav'n's Captain, by whoſe Loyal Army fell
The Rebel Legions, now the Thralls of Hell;
While poor and thoughtful Tenants ſore lament
The ſad Defects of the laſt Quarter's Rent,
And mortgage Gown, Sheet, Rug, and Diſh, to bleſs
Bed, *Crock*, and uſeful Pitcher, from Diſtreſs;
That joyous Monday, dawning in the Skies,
Awakes pert Gladneſs in th' Electors Eyes.
Whip!

(a) Monday. viz. the Monday before the Feaſt of *St. Michael*, appointed the Day for the Choice of a new Mayor.
(b) Arch-Angel. St. MICHAEL. See the Service for the Day, &c. &c.

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Whip! the moſt forward bolt unbutton'd out,
And, kenning, throw their partial Looks about;
Then, joining, to Diſcourſe o'er canvaſs'd owe
Prognoſticks how the Day's Affair will go:
And where the Doors firſt ope for Tipple's Sale,
Time's Forelock ſeizing, *ſwig* courageous Ale.

Now Kitchen-Maids, knock'd up by *Churers (c)*, ſtretch
Unready Limbs, and Sighs of Envy fetch.
The Stage-Coach Porter, malapert of Tone,
Swears Jehu, long-ſince ready, will be gone:
The up-ſcar'd Paſſenger brief Stay implores;
And yet an Hour the drunken Jolter ſnores.
With owly Eyes the ſtrolling *Seekers* ſkulk,
And hopeful peer at Stall, Porch, Door, and Bulk.
The clean Diſchargers, with rince'd *Cools* be-[hold
Stoln back — as if aſham'd of — *finding Gold.*
See!

(c) Churers.) So in *Exeter* are called thoſe in *London* ſtyl'd *Chair-women.*

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See! chaſte AURORA grows with Bluſhes red
Eſpying PHOEBUS ſprung from TETHYS' Bed,
Or ſkitting Cats from am'rous Scratchings come,
Or naughty 'Prentices ſlunk drowſy home.
The Drummer, on high *(d)* RUGEMONT's
crumbling Mound,
Beats ſtrong the bold Revelle's rouſing Sound.
Whiſtling to River waggles Groom on Steed;
And Milkmaids jocund to Teat-tugging ſpeed.
The Scavenger drags on his rumbling Carr;
And Centry's led to guard the Chief of War.

The Sixth Hour Bell with venerable Knoll
Bids Wakers mind — or Body or the Soul:
This World's Folk *up*, and wordly Work
attend;
And t'other's to celeſtial Bus'neſs bend.

Tilers

(d) The Hill on which our Caſtle ſtands, and in which the Regiments, at Times, quarter'd in this City keep Guard, is called RUGEMONT, from the Redneſs of the Earth. [I think, beating the *Revelle*, we know not why, has of latter Years been diſus'd.]

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Tilers and Maſons by their Briſkneſs ſhow,
They idly to no whole Day's Labour go.
Taylors, not *franchis'd*, with a loit'ring Gait,
Till Bell rings (*e*) quick, before *King's-Alley* wait.
It rings: They ſhrugging budge a lazy Pace,
And o'er the Shoulder turn a grudging Face.
It rings: The ſaintly few who feel the Mood,
And Liberty, and Leiſure, to *be good*,
With Lips in Form to Duty ſet, and Eye
Fraught with Religion's Glance, to (*f*) Mattins hie.
Handmaids behold, who have, in *Cold* of Day,
The pious Orders proxywiſe to pray,
Whoſe Ladies indiſpos'd,— by Sloth,— a-bed,
Depute 'em to act heav'nly in their ſtead,

(*e*) At Six o'Clock a Bell knolls, or tolls, for Prayers, at the Cathedral; then a Bell rings quick to give Notice that Prayers are about to begin. [In King's Alley, at the Time of writing this Poem, liv'd 3 or 4 Maſter Taylors of principal Buſineſs.]

(*f*) Mattins. Morning Prayer.

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On Pattins trip,— with ſanctimonious Charms,
Starch'd *(g)* clainly neat, with Pray'r-books under Arms.
Young *(h)* Choiriſters, from Neſt reluctant [drawn,
To Worſhip truant; *force'd Devotion* yawn.
But Voices voluntier make ſhift to raiſe,
By Organs though unaided, worthier Praiſe,
Leſs artificial Praiſe, while in the Soul
Heav'n may hear *Melody (i)*, tho' Voices growl.
The *(k)* Pile of venerable Grandeur round
Emits the ſolemn Tune: Th' encloſed (*l*) Ground
Anew ſeems hallow'd by the ſacred Sound.

But whence that Noiſe prophane? Whence that ſhrill Shout,
Which impiouſly quells the Din devout?

The

(*g*) *Cleanly neat.* Like HORACE's *ſimplex munditiis.*
(*h*) *Choriſters.* The young Singing Boys.
(*i*) *Melody.*) Eph. v. 19. *Making Melody in your Hearts to GOD.*
(*k*) Pile, &c. St. Peter's Cathedral Church.
(*l*) *Encloſed Ground.* St. Peter's Cloſe.

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(m) The JUNIOR MOB ſonorous uſher in
Their Claim of Pelting, and lewd Rites begin,
Whoſe buſy Sholes ranſack'd the Common-
ſhore,
And rummag'd Dungheaps, for a batt'ring Store.
Hog might in vain ſeek with ſagacious Snout
Apples worm-eaten or corrupt to rout.

(m) *Junior Mob.*] The Boys. Our true-born Citizens are (Numbers of 'em) train'd up to *Mobbing* from their Cradles. To the Praiſe of ſuch a poliſh'd People as we are, our well-bred *Infantry* are permitted to fling Turneps, Potatoes, Pieces of Cabbage-ſtalks, &c. at the poor Countrymen whoſe Buſineſs brings them into City this unlucky Morning: At whoſe Approach the young Miſchiefs, running to meet 'em, ſet up a Cry of *A Brother! A Brother! A Brother!* and fall a battering of them immediately. If one offer to rebuke them, (as I once preſum'd to do, and had like thereby to have brought not only them, but ſome Loggerheads of the Shops, upon my own Back) they daringly reply'd, *'Tis lawleſs Day! 'Tis lawleſs Day!* And ſo indeed might it be imagin'd, while ſuch barbarous Outrages (as ſeveral others at different Times, ſuch as the Daſhing up the Kennel-Water on Paſſengers, which they call Stratting, &c.) are not only tolerated in Effect, but laugh'd at, and thereby encourag'd. With Indignation I remember a poor Man had one of his Eyes thus actually on the Spot ſtruck out by one *Butler*, who afterwards attempted with others to fire the Deanry-Houſe, &c. So they grow up to Villainy by Degrees.--- *Nemo repente fit turpiſſimus.*

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Did pregnant Sows for out-caſt Onions long,
The grunting Mothers, ſick, might caſt their Young.
Each plunder'd Gutter void of Turnip rills,
Nor it a Carrot, or Potatoe, fills.
For theſe ere HESPERUS, with brilliant Light,
Led ſlowly on the laſt impatient Night,
The YOUNG INIQUITIES had ſpuddling found;
Arms from aloof by miſſive Force to wound.
Parſnips and Cabbage-ſtalks, to handy Size
Cut up, glad with augmented Store their Eyes,
The Ammunition ſwells each Pocket ſtrout,
And each Hand bears the Surpluſage about,
Till Clown, miſled by ſome malicious Star,
Yare by the Strippling Poſſe kenn'd afar,
And met beyond the mid-way Diſtance, grows
Th' aſtonied Handſel of their volant Blows.
Sharp Clamour from their Throats in Concert rings,
And ev'ry Hand a Root, ſcarce erring, flings.

A

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A Brother! Brother! they exulting cry;
And Show'rs, full Tempeſt, quick repeated, fly.
Repeated? Yea, at a contiguous Rate
The Flingings whiſtle an inceſſant Threat.
Not half ſo frequent noiſome Ware is known
On Perjur'd Heads thro' Penance Loophole thrown;
Ev'n though ſuch vile deteſted Heads pertain
To the paid Raſcals of th' Informing Train.
Leſs numerous a white long Winter ſpies
From glowing Hands hard-kneaded Snowballs riſe,
And Truncheons, hurl'd to ſolemnize the [BIRTH
DIVINE, maul (*n*) Cocks leſs ſwift with murd'rous Mirth.

As

(*n*) *Cocks.*] To the Credit of Parents, Maſters, Conſtables, and other Overſeers, ought it to be over and over mention'd, 'till the deteſtable Nuſance ceaſes, that the very wicked Diverſion [*Horrible! that the* Human *Nature can ever be diverted with* Inhumanity] of Throwing at Cocks, which other wheres, I think, is thus moſt barbarouſly practiſed but on Shrove-Tueſdays, not only continues here the whole Chriſtmas *holy* Days, but commences ſome Weeks before them. It's obſervable too that ſome of thoſe who are the greateſt Sticklers for what they call *celebrating* the ſolemn Feſtival,

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As he diſcovers, ſtagger'd and aghaſt,
On Him alone the frolick Miſchief caſt,
Bleak Horror thrills his Veins, a qualmy Damp
In his chill'd Boſom quails the vital Lamp:
The ruddy Brown his burnt Complexion fails,
And Paleneſs o'er its freckled Fluſh prevails.
His 'wilder'd Thought 'Whence his Offence' inquires,
What Rage this *Infantry of Belial* fires?
Why is, by the Adult, the Youngſter Crowd,
He ponders, thus to (*o*) *gallow Folk* allow'd?
To *gallow?* Yea to gaul, perchance to lay
Folk ſprawling, or by worſe Miſchance to ſlay?
To

Feſtival, too much countenance this horrible Pollution of it. For Shame, ye Parents! For Shame, ye School-maſters. And why ſhould I not ſay, For Shame, ye Magiſtrates, &c.? It's recorded of *Diogenes*, the Cynick, that ſeeing a Boy commit a Fault, he ran at his Maſter, and ſtriking him ſaid, *Wherefore are your Scholars not better taught?*

(*o*) *Gallow Folk.*] This being ſtill —[viz. *at the Time ſpoke of*]— a *Devonſhire* Word, though from SHAKESPEAR it ſeems to have formerly been generally *Engliſh*, implying to fright, ſcare, or aſtoniſh, is, I hope with Propriety enough put into the Mouth of a Devonſhire Ploughman, &c. We ſeem to continue the Uſe of the Word in that of *Gallows*, or *Gallow-Tree*, ſignifying the Terrifying Tree, or Tree of Terror.

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Were Bacon Sows in Years too ſtricken found?
Did Pig yield up the Ghoſt without a Wound?
Or grow by Art in ſopy Wrapper fair?
Were Eggs ſold addle, or confounded dear?
Did *Chanticleer*, of Threeſcore Broods the Sire,
A cruel Length of Drop by Drop expire,
Then, lopp'd of Spurs, and circumcis'd of Comb,
Look beauteous in young Fowl of Turkey's [room?
Had breeding Geeſe, ſucceſſive Ten Years ſhorn,
Their Teeth-proof Hides, to paſs for youthy, torn?
Was Butter ſtamp'd to hide Defect of Weight?
Would *Doll* a' ſtroaking, or a' churning, ſnite?
Such Guilt was *Dame's* and *Doll's*; and but infers
They could out-wit o'erweening (*p*) *Citiners*.

To

(*p*) *Citiners.*] So, alias ſometimes *Zitiners*, many of our neighbouring Country People name us Citizens; whom they are proud to *out wit*, that is in plain *Engliſh* to *cheat*, in a Bargain. It's but little to be doubted Pigs and Poultry which died a *natural* or *accidental* Death have been ſold to us. I've been under the Roſe inform'd by a Farmer's Wife it's com-

mon

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To *Meaſter's* Score ought to be chalk'd the Sin
Of Faggots ſmall, and ſappy green, led in:
Him, him alone, ſhou'd Malediction ſmite,
When, *ſtifling* puff'd, they ſmoulder, loth to light,
Who, teaz'd for Rent, permits their faulty Mirth
Whilſt, ſinging, they with Froath beſpawl the Hearth.
Dame, *Doll*, and *Meaſter*, ſinning,—let pertain
To *them* to expiate with ſuited Pain;
But, for *himſelf*, he ruminates, and through
Finds Conſcience clear of Crime, tho' whelm'd by Woe.
Then why ſhou'd Innocence unholpen wail,
And wicked Pranks againſt the Juſt prevail?
He little learns from the licentious Bray,
Commixt with *Brother! Lawleſs, lawleſs Day!*

Around

mon to wrap up Pigs in ſopy Cloths, to make their Skins caſt white. Some of the other Tricks I have myſelf known practiſed; particularly a very ſuperannuated Cock, manag'd as in the Text, ſold for a young Turkey.

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Around the ſportive fierce Tormentors crowd,
Each to excel in Pranks miſchievous proud.
He wiſtly turns for Help imploring View,
Cits rural born, made Denizens, on You!
But, fleering pitileſs, ye rather chear
The Onſet, and the cruel Paſtime ſhare.
Ungracious, evil-minded Town! Had THRACE
For ſuch a (q) PONEROPOLIS *a Place?*
Might he revolve in anguiſh'd Heart, had he
Been ſchool'd in Letters and *Greek* Hiſtory.

With wretched Baulk he'd *trow*, Attacks ſo hot
Might ſoon expend the Vegetable-Shot:
For ah! as they diſcharge, the ſcrambling Bands
Quick recollect the Shot with greedy Hands,

(q) Poneropolis.] That is to ſay an *Evil City*, or rather *a City of Wicked Ones.* "We read (ſays Monſ. Bayle, Dict. Vol. 5. pa. 789. *Lond.* Edition) "that *Philip* ga-"ther'd together the moſt wicked and incorrigible Men "of his Time, whom he lodged together in a City he built "for them, and call'd it *Poneropolis.*" It ſtood in *Thrace.*

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Which ſeem more ſolid, and alert, to bound,
Like thrown (*r*) ANTÆUS ſtrengthen'd by the Ground.
Brickbats and Stones deficient theſe ſupply,
And on him heavier Flings of Evil try.
Were Dung with thoſe to fail, and Lemon-ſkins,
Huckſters for Pillage hold vaſt Magazines.

The Hind ſobs diſmal deep. Sobs nought avail:
Back, Sides, Breaſt, Shoulders, Neck, Hips, [Belly wail
Their joint Contuſion by the pepp'ring Hail.
His Pate, inclin'd beneath lopp'd Hat, to ſave
The Face, may ſoon a Cap of Plaiſters crave.
His drooped Sconce ſmart Ruins clatt'ring thwack,
Thence with continued Stains pollute his Length [of Back.

Cheeſe,

(*r*) *Antæus*, &c.) The Giant whom (according to the Fable) HERCULES encounter'd, who, as often as he was thrown, receiv'd freſh and greater Strength from his *Mother* the *Earth*.

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Cheeſe, dry'd obdurate, in his ſtoreful Poke,
And Bread of Barley, crumble at the Stroke;
Or batter'd the brown ſtony Walls of Pye
(Tho' firm as a Redoubt) in Fragments lye;
Or Pudding, which did Gobs of Suet teach
Conſolidation, daſh'd, admits a Breach;
Or dangling Key's from truſty Purſe-ſtring torn,
Or Sheath in twain from Knife, in Trowſers born.

By *Civil Pow'rs* abandon'd to Diſtreſs,
Shou'd miſer'ant he *Agreſtic Gods* addreſs?
Alas! old PAN's no more; SYLVANUS ſleeps;
Nor chriſten'd BRITAIN a POMONA keeps;
Long ſince the DRYADS left to haunt the Grove,
And tripping FAUNI ceas'd the Lawns to rove.
And cou'd ſuch Godlins hear him, they'd retain
The Boon, till they might opportunely daign
Him *ruſtic Vengeance* in ſome pathleſs Cloſe,
Glade, plough'd Land, Greenwood, or the prickly Goſs;

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Where might juſt (*s*) *Wherrets*, *Scats*, and *Whiſterpoops*,
Reap Satisfaction on the *truant* Troops,
When, *(t) Michers*, they for Neſt, hedge-breaking go,
Or (*u*) Oackcub, Haw, Blackberry, Hep, or [Sloe.

Wou'd venting *Bitches Whelps!* revenge his Smart,
Or belching *Whoreſon Brats!* aſſert his Part?
Correction, by ſome plaguy Left-Hand flung,
The Scandal ſtrikes abortive off his Tongue.
Wou'd Geſture threat? Vindictive Hurls more thick
Will ſcarce afford him Space to brandiſh Stick,
And ſhou'd it drive, he'd turn'd the Slingers ſee
Offend, like PARTHIANS, in a Feint to flee.

So

(*s*) *Wherrets*, *Scats*, &c.] Country Words for *Blows*, &c.

(*t*) *Michers*] or *Truants*. Shakeſpear uſes the Word in his HEN. 4.

(*u*) *Oakcub.*] So the People in Exeter call the *Chaffer*, probably from that Inſect's pitching on *Oaks*, and feeding on the Leaves.

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So rife the Balls puſh on their airy Run,
They nearly cloud like riſing Miſts the Sun.
Nor guiltleſs of at leaſt a bloodleſs Wound
The fleet Offences from the Mark rebound.

Gall bids him bann: To bann aſſays he vain;
A Daſh on Mouth dings back the Curſe again.
Confound! and direr Words, were his; but, ſooth,
Gore damms the Sound guſh'd from up-rooted Tooth.
Back on himſelf the execrable Vote
Recoils, and wreaks harſh Rigour on his Throat.
But had he vex'd ELISHA's dooming Breath,
Which drove on Peſts leſs nocent mangling Death,
His feller Mood whole GREENLAND's Bears [wou'd draw,
Nor one devoted Caitiff 'ſcape a rending Paw.

He weeps, moroſely weeps; and ſee! o'top
His heaving Breaſt big Tears of Anger drop.
But Tears the Rocky melt not, rather Tears
Work their triumphant more offending Jeers.

As

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As o'er his blubber'd Cheeks Eyes bootleſs gleet,
His Whine for Mercy duns the giggling Street.
But oh! th' Inexorable! were as well
To (*x*) Adders, as relenting, urg'd the Yell:
For as, when Military Felons jaunt
With Backs flead raw, the long long (*y*) *Lope*
of GAUNT,
Drums ruff big Rumble, in exerted Rowls,
To over-roar their Pity-craving Howls,
So Shouts, predominant of Noiſe, unite
To drown the Yawling of the peſter'd Wight.

Since, then, in Flight alone Aſyle he hopes,
Through the flagitious Rout he hobbling lopes.
Before

(*x*) *Adders.*] The Word, ſay Criticks, ought (with the *Septuagint* and the *Vulgate*) to have been render'd *Aſp*, which in Pſalm lviii. is called *Adder*. and ſaid to be *deaf*, and to *ſtop his Ears*, ſo as not to hearken to the Voice of the Charmer; it being confidently aſſured that this Species of Serpents actually ſo ſtop their Ears.

(*y*) *Gaunt.*] Meaning that Martial Puniſhment call'd *Running the Gaunt lope*, as invented or uſed firſt at *Gaunt*, or *Ghent*, in *Flanders*.

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Before him toſs his ſocial Tits in Fright,
Nor need commanding (*z*) *Rhee! Terrup!* or *Hight!*
Struck Flints cut Sparkles from the clinking Steel
That hobnails o'er or clouts his ample Heel.
The loadſome Clog attempted Haſte impedes,
And, ſliding, baulks th' induſtrious clumſy Treads.
Yet could high Trot the ſcamp'ring Bumpkin ſcour;
Hard after would purſuing Miſchief pour;
Nor, till he gain'd the Gate, Relief he'd gain,
If, by ill Fate induc'd, no recent Swain
Should intercept the Brunt of maſſy Rain.

Beware, raw (*a*) Pagans! who, in Morning's Prime,
Bring Grain or Wood, or fetch manuring Lime,
Beware,

(*z*) *Rhee!* &c.] Theſe are Terms or Sounds us'd by our Country Wood-carriers, &c. to command their Horſes by, to go forward, to turn or incline to the Right-hand or Left. *Terup*, I imagine is as much as if to ſay, *Troop* along!

(*a*) *Pagan*] This Word in its genuine and original Im-

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Beware, nor enter, though by lawfull Calls,
On *lawleſs Days*, th' inhoſpitable Walls,
Leſt ſhould demoliſh'd Noſe, loſt Tooth or Eye,
Your Paſſage through our Civic Highway buy.

port, means no more than *Villager*, or *Country-man*. But taking it even in its preſent common Uſe and ſecondary Senſe, might it not have been ſomewhat incongruous to have repreſented him as apt to call on the fictitious *Rural Gods* without making him poetically a Sort of Miſcreant or Heathen? Neither is it uncommon to ſay of our Country Pariſhes that they are but *a Parcel of Heathens*, — though many of them behave more *chriſtianly* than many, or indeed the major Part, of our Citizens.

End of the Second Canto.

CANTO III.

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CANTO III.

SCENES ſo perplex'd in juſt Aray to bring,
And regularly of Confuſion ſing,
Proceed, O MUSE! in Order, to deſcribe
The various Actings of th' Electing Tribe;
From thoſe who marr to thoſe who muſter Votes,
Aid by (*a*) *well-wiſhing*, or well waſhing Throats;
Club Voice gratuitous, or, wiſer, ſell,
Aſſiſt by drinking or by drubbing well;
Thoſe who, to regulate the Stir, — (*as far As Law directs*) — with Staves of Peace make war;
Or only bribe, or only bet, or bawl,
Debate in Houſe, or domineer in Hall.

(*a*) *Well-wiſhing.*] Such as are not *Freemen*, but as being *Well-wiſhers* (as they call it) to the Cauſe are allow'd of each Side intitled to the *Quill*, provided they bawl well.

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At hand's the Hour when Nymphs in Screams acute
Deep Entries for the Vent of Milk ſalute;
And PETROCK's Tow'r, with added *(b)* Head ſublime,
Since Day-ſpring firſt ſtrikes up *(c) religious* [Chime,
Pſalmy the Notes; — though, haply, in a Pet
Did STERNHOLD them to ſnip-ſnap Muſick ſet.

Shrill *(d)* Hautboys and the ſhriller Trumpet greet,
Attentive Ears, by Turn, in ev'ry Street;
Whoſe

(b) Added Head.] A ſmall Dome, or Turret, being lately built o'top of it for the Reception of another (I think a ſixth) little Bell.

(c) Religious Chime.] At 8, 12, and 4 o'Clock, St. *Petrock*'s Chimes play STERNHOLD's queer *old Tune* of the Fourth Pſalm.

(d) Hautboys, &c.] The City Waits and Trumpet, about this Hour of Eight, begin to traverſe the Town, and, after a Flouriſh or Tune, their Spokeſman, one of them, ſummons the Free-men, to the Purport of the Speech here ſet forth in Verſe, in theſe following very Words:—"The Right Worſhipful ——— [Here a little Pauſe] ——— "the Mayor of this City, ——— [Here another ſhort Pauſe is made, and off they *almoſt* pull their Hats] — "The King's Majeſty's Lieutenant, &c. &c. &c.

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Whoſe Warble ceas'd, the Prolocutor hems,
Hauks, ſpits, and annual Edict thus proclaims:
" The Worſhipful this City's May'r," [*A Pauſe*
Moſt gracefully here interrupts the Clauſe.]
" Lieutenant of His Majeſty the King,"
[*Here Hands to Hats full mannerly they bring.*]
" Hereby commands all Free-Men to prepare
" To chooſe a new one for th' enſuing Year.
" God ſave the King!" — Thus toot th' harmonious Band,
And mouth the Mandate, at each uſual Stand.
Glad Routs of Little Ones their Haſte purſue,
As if (*e*) *pide Pipers* ſtrange Inchantment blew.

F 2 But

(*e*) *Pide Pipers.*] If any are ignorant of the ſo fam'd Story of the Rat-charming *pied Piper*, who drew 131 Children after him out of the Town of HAMEL, in *Germany*, and with them enter'd a Mountain that open'd to receive them, they may read it aſſerted for real Fact in VERSTEGAN's Antiq. chap. 3. [*I now in* 1770 *add, it may be ſeen in my* Topogr. Dict. *Art.* HAMEL.]

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Yet why that manifold, that mingled *(f)*
Whoop? [Troop?
Why jump in Confluence yon' ſtruggling
With prying Eyes, MUSE! haſten to explore
Whence the wild Hurry, why ſuch early Roar?

In Street intitled *High*, by the fam'd *(g)* Lane
To VENUS ſacred, ſtands a ſacred Fane,
Though

(f) Yet why, &c.] Betimes this Morning ſome generous Zealots of the Pariſh of St. *Laurence* caus'd a Hogſhead of Cyder, for the Uſe (if it ought not rather to be call'd *Abuſe*) of the Populace, to be brought, and its Head placed, near the Centre, cloſe home to the Church-Wall; over which, on a Pole fix'd to one of the Buttrices, was diſplay'd a blue *Apron* for a Flag; whilſt on the Tower hung another *Apron* of the ſame Colour, adjoining the wither'd Limb of an Oak Tree, ſtuck up, according to their *ſingular* Cuſtom, the Twenty Ninth of *May*. While the Mob were filthily draining the Veſſel happen'd the Rev Mr. W—— (Whatchecum) to ride by; on whom ſome of them fell with affronting Language, Hollowings, indecent Geſture, &c &c.

(g) Lane.] Caſtle-Lane in the *Highſtreet*, as infamous —[*formerly*]— for Drabbing, &c. as was ever the SUBURRA of antient ROME, or are *Drury-Lane* of LONDON, or *Damnation-Alley* (as 'tis nicknam'd) of PLYMOUTH. —['*Tis far from ſuch now in* 1770. *Inſtead, a very ſpacious, commodious, eaſy Road is now made or making from the Highſtreet up home to the Caſtle.*]

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Though graven Images and Shields, *ere while*
Forming a (*b*) Conduit-houſe, its Porch compile.
Its Window, beautious, (Thanks to Lime, that mocks
With Freeſtone Aſpect red and rugged Rocks)
To fanciful Obſervers ſeem to ſmile
That Nature's Works its paſſive Side defile.
Smile they? — But — hiſt! — —
Ought we but tell, that (void of *(i)* guardful Pale,
To fend againſt lewd Dog's or Drunkard's Stale,
And

(*b*) *Conduit.*] Before this Church heretofore ſtood a Conduit, which being pull'd down, of the Stones thereof (carv'd with the Image of Q. *Elizabeth*, as I think it is deſign'd to to be underſtood, Coats Armoury, &c.) was built the preſent Church-Porch. But whether they have been additionally conſecrated or not I find not in *Izacke*'s Memorials of *Exeter*.

(*i*) *Guardful Pale.*] It's a *ſtinking Shame* that, for Want of proper Paliſades or Rails, this Church's Side is made a perfect Jakes of. If this facetiouſly ſatircal but true Deſcription, &c. ſhall provoke proper Perſons to amend the Fault, my End and Drift will be in great meaſure anſwer'd, who have not Patience to ſee the *Houſe of God* thus irreverently piſs'd upon, and worſe. *Procul, o procul eſte profani.*

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And poſtern Sinks, by Night, their Stain more vile)
Here ſtands (ah! why prophan'd?) a rev'rend [Pile,
Inſcrib'd to Saint who dy'd, the Legend ſaith,
A (*k*) grilliaded Martyr of the Faith.
The Dons who in this conſecrated Dome,
When in the Mood, to ſolemn Duty come,
Vow'd, in a gen'rous Ardour of the Heart,
Unparallel'd to top Election's Part;
Yet cheaply noble, in Profuſion wiſe,
Save Charge of Malt, Hops, Brewage, and Exciſe.
So, — at the thrifty Coſt of (*l*) *Twelvers* Nine,
Is Hogſhead bought replete with Apple-Wine.
Ere Bakers, to appeaſe the maund'ring Maw,
Their foremoſt Batch of reeking Manchets draw,
The

(*k*) *A grilliaded Martyr.*] St. LAURENCE, as *The Golden Legend* tells us, being martyr'd on a Sort of Gridiron, or Iron Hurdle, when half broiled, call'd to the Officer who preſided at the Execution, telling him one Side was dreſt enough, therefore he might turn him up, and begin to fall to.

(*l*) *Twelvers Nine.*) The Price of a Hogſhead of Cyder was *Nine Shillings* or thereabout, at the Time of this Tranſaction.

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The Orchard's Juice arrives, with fluid Song,
And dances as it flaſhing jolts along.
The liquid Hurliburly in the Butt
Portends its troublous Rumble in the Gut,
Whoſe Lee's foul Pother intimates as plain
The deſtin'd Perturbation of the Brain.

The Bells (whoſe Match no Carrier's Fore-Horſe e'er
Could, for capacious Size, preſume to wear)
Their tinging Clappers, tripple Clink, imploy,
And ding-dong wrangle forth parochial Joy:
The trebble Diſcord peals exact the ſame
To 'wail in doleful Claſh a Houſe in Flame;
Nor more prepoſterous they'd wayward ring,
If did they quarrel to burleſque the Thing.

From

(m) Bells.] The Tower, built of red roughiſh Stone, being much larger than, though ſcarce ſo high as, many Chimnies, it's eaſy to ſuppoſe its Three Bells (for there are full ſo many) claſhing make moſt excellent Muſick. A Country Boy paſſing with his Mother a while ſince by, and obſerving the Tower, innocently cry'd out, "*Look, look, Mother, what a gurt* [great] *Chimley that little Houſe hath got!*"

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From the rough Tow'r (which late a Ruſtic (*m*) Youth
Suppos'd a Chimney of enormous Growth)
An azure Enſign on a Mopſtick waves
Its hoſtile Flutter, and to Battle braves:
It lately had with faſten'd Strings embrac'd
A (*n*) purſie Ale-mans' Bulkineſs of Waiſt.
Behold! an Oak's Branch near, whoſe wither'd Spray
With Verdure ſhone laſt Twenty-Ninth of May.
Might not the Change the Patron's Gall provoke,
His ſprightly (*o*) Laurel for the faded Oak?
No; Him delights ſuch Badge of ſturdy Love,
That to (*p*) APOLLO's adds the Tree of JOVE.
This Pennant ſcouls Defiance. But below
Its brother Pennant flaps inviting Show,

The

(*m*) See the Note juſt preceding.

(*n*) *I think the dropſical Aleman* TOM JOICE.]

(*o*) *Laurel.*] The Etymology of LAURENTIUS is *Laurum tenens*, i. e. *Holding the Laurel*; as the prefatory Introduction of his Story in the *Legenda Aurea* gives it.

(*p*) *Apollo's Tree*, &c.] The *Laurel* is ſacred to APOLLO, as is the *Oak* to JUPITER.

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The hemm'd blue Linen, fix'd to Buttrice, flys,
And looks a-drying hung to Strangers Eyes:
But errs the Gueſs; for lo! its Signal's plain,
To ſwill and leak, and ſwill and leak again.

Beneath this Poll, which, ſtay'd, the Banner ſtays,
The Caſk an Angle of the Prop inlays:
Snug at the Centre of the Temple's Wall
The Veſſel's Head is *help'd*, or *helps*, from *Fall*.
Oh! that we could the knotty Symbol cleave,
And obvious to the Light the Meaning leave,
If it implies — That *Toping*, in a ſort,
Should *prop* the *Church*, or from *Her* have *Support!*
But we, dilemma'd, and in Search too ſlow,
Permit to thoſe ſage Emblemiſts to know,
Who thus ordain'd the Manage, what in Mind
By ſuch odd Diſpoſition they deſign'd.
The Mob of clear Pretenſion rife draw near,
And ſpring to ſeize Intoxication's Share.

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Th' increaſing Many burn with rival Thirſt,
And new Intruders elbow back the firſt.
The Faucet's (*q*) Regent (for, as in the Eaſt,
Of Old were choſen Rulers of the Feaſt,
One governs here the Tap) riſks now the Fate
Of the (*r*) ſquaſh'd Steward at SAMARIA's Gate.
Matrons (*s*) of TRULLA's Kin, in Rags, among
The bowſing Tumult, *For Blue!* ſqueaſing, throng.
Girls, with Boy Tyroes for the Cauſe, wedge in
The medley Quaffers, and unlearn to ſpin,
Who, early thus taught Modeſty to loſe,
Scarce in their Teens ſeek Buſineſs in the Stews.
Imagine

(*q*) *Faucet's Regent.*] One *Lewis*, a Journeyman of Mr. *Wills*, Chair-maker, was appointed to draw the Liquor, or at leaſt to ſee that *no Waſte* was made thereof,— that is to ſay that none but the *right-colour'd* Mob devilify'd themſelves therewith.

(*r*) *Squaſh'd Steward.*] See II. Kings, vii. 19, 20.

(*s*) *Trulla.*] The Virago, or maſculine filthy Jade, brought in by the Poet among the Mob at Bear-baiting in *Hudibras*. There have been ſeveral of them too much encourag'd here.

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Imagine now that Point of Day when
(t) JAMES
By Bell's Ring warns devout-and-dainty Dames,
There ſcarce are Sixty Minutes more allow'd
For humble Worſhip to be trick'd up proud:
The Point when, licking Butter from their Bread,
In clean Frocks neat to School are Children led;
Whilſt ſav'ry Steams Noſe to ſolicite riſe
From the ſupp'd Liquor of cry'd Mutton-Pies,
And luſcious Clamours oft' regale the Ears
With Hot bak'd Apples! or Hot-ſmoaking Pears!
When *(u)* LORD SINPIOUS, wrung with penal Gout,
Since Houſhold Pray'r, which had Old Score [rubb'd out,

(t) James.] JAMES MORTIMORE, the honeſt old Bell-toller and Chime-ringer. The Time here by Circumſtances deſcribed ſignifies it's being now Nine o'Clock.

(u) Lord Sinpious.] The nicknam'd Lord at South without. Father *Dod*, I remember, has among his printed *Sayings* "Either *Prayer* will make a Man give over *ſinning*, or *Sin* will make him give over *praying*." But this praying and ſwearing, godly and wicked, heavenly and wordly-minded Inſtance helps to confirm that there's ſcarce a *general Rule without an Exception.*

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Had let a Thouſand Execrations fly,
And ran anew in deep Debt to the Sky.

Now ſcatter'd Parties, Drove confronting Drove,
With thwartive Eyes adverſe in Mixture move.
Here Helliers ſtraggle in a lazy Shape,
As, ſlouching, they with Hands in Pockets trape,
Or thruſt below their Aprons, ſplaſh'd with White,
Patch'd, furl'd, or dangling clouterly to Sight,
Criſpinians, flippant, though of ſturdy Air,
More blithe, and with a galliard Pace, go there.
There hie who drew from (*x*) TUBAL-CAIN their Race,
With Copper Brightneſs glows each well-ale'd [Face,
There limp grim MULCIBER's beſmutted Kind,
Their forgy Throats with quenchleſs Sparkles lin'd.

Here

(*x*) *Tubal-Cain.*] He is ſaid to be *an Inſtructer of every Artificer in Braſs*, &c. Gen. iv. 22.

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Here Carpenters ſhew Backs of ample Square,
Like knurly Beams rough-hewn of Oaken Ware.
There Barbers hop with Brows knit politic;
Here (*y*) Maſons, ruddy as their Cheeks were Brick.
Combers, in Veſt by Uſe refin'd, and Oil
All ſplendid, ſhuffle to the lov'd Turmoil.
Here tinctur'd Hands diſtinguiſh thoſe who Dye;
There Fullers ſcud, perfum'd with Chamber Lye.
The greaſy Frock of Candle-dipper there
Inſpires near Noſtrils with a fatter Air;
Whilſt to a Feaſt the ſnuff'd groſs Odour craves
Our Houſhold Vermin from their Planchent Caves,
That, if befriended not by Puſs, their Foe,
Gnawn (*z*) HATTO's Fate he'd, haply, undergo.
Taylors, now each a Man, with nimble Trip,
Aping a jauntee Mein, there, ſwagg'ring ſkip,
Whoſe

(*y*) *Maſons.*] Mere Bricklayers are in *Exeter* ſtyl'd *Maſons.*
(*z*) *Hatto's Fate.*] HATTO, a vile Archbiſhop of *Mentz* is ſaid, or rather *forg'd*, to have been eaten up alive by Rats, a Judgment on him for calling the Poor Rats, &c. &c.

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Whoſe Hearts feel ſcarce more aggrandizing Swells [Bells,
When their hir'd *(a)* Text conſorts the hireling
Or while on *(b)* Bridge at IRON-DISH they ſtand
In Viſit to their own wall'd Gallows-Land.
Scarce could they wear Looks more ſuperbly fierce,
Was each a BOWHAY or a Bully -- ARSE.
Gad Bakers there, whoſe ſweaty Caps, beneath
Hats meal'd and dough'd, their ſcorch'd brown Temples wreath.
Here Flocks of Weavers, who this Morn diſdain
Their Beechen Bowls of Broath new vamp'd to drain,
Keen-

(*a*) *Text.*] On *Midſummer-Day*, when the *Exonian Taylors* chuſe a Maſter of their Company, they ſignalize themſelves, beyond other ordinary Corporations, by hiring a *Sermon* to be preached before them, --[of which one heretofore had the Text *Let him that hath ſtolen ſteal no more*, --- and another --- *Yet a Remnant ſhall be ſav'd*]-- and the Cathedral Bells to ring all Day.

(*b*) *Bridge.*] The Burial-Yard of Heavitree-Gallows belongs to our Company of Taylors to take care of, for which a Bit of Land was bequeath'd to 'em. Once a Year they walk out in a Body to viſit it, when on the Bridge, at a Place call'd *Iron-Diſh* they tarry ſome Time, treating each Paſſer-by with a Mug of Ale.

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Keen-ey'd, alert, clank (as they huddled walk,
All Tongue, no Ear) harſh Vehemence of Talk:

Like Maſh of Jabber flooded (*c*) EXE beſtows,
When ruffled ſhe o'er rugged HEAD-WERE flows.

Grum Catchpoles, arm'd with Oak-Plants, huge of Knob,
Indulging Vacance from a Harpy Jobb,
Among the reſt with itching Claws reſort,
And with a mingled Terror daſh the Sport.
Thoſe too who drive th' o'erloaden Sledge advance
With hagard and outragious Countenance,
Whoſe Laſh Laſh Laſh incarnate Fiends diſplay
On the hard, cruel, killing (*d*) Steep of Kay.

Slaves

(*c*) *Exe.*] The River on which *Exeter* is ſituate, and from which that City derives its Name. *Head-Were* is the Name given to the uppermoſt of the Two above the Water-Engine.

(*d*) *Steep of Kay.*] *Kay-Hill.* England is ſaid to be a Hell for Horſes. If ſo, this Hill may be call'd *Kay-Hell.* Hereon a Perſon of tender Humanity, and a ſympathiſing Goodnature,

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(*e*) Slaves of the Shambles, with more ugly Low
Than ere they learn'd of madded Ox or Cow,
Loud, ſwift, and foul, as Torrents roaring down
O'er (*f*) *Stepcote-hill*, that rage *Exe-Bridge* to drown;
Where-ere the ſanguinary Ruffains roam,
The Jaws of licens'd Slaughter ſeems to foam.

But why is thus Detail in Special made?
In Sum, we ſee large Draughts from ev'ry Trade,
As they in ſeparate Brigades go by,
Or jumbled miſcellaneous in Allie.
Street, Lane, and Alley their Contingents ſend,
And ev'ry Tap-Houſe yawns for Dividend.

Deft

Goodnature, may too often be ſtruck with Horror. Surely it were not very difficult to evince, by Reaſon and Scripture, that the harden'd Wretches who uſe God's Creatures with Cruelty, or laſh them on to Performances beyond their Strength, ſhould expect to anſwer for it hereafter, as for Sins unnatural. [*This Hill hath been made a little more practicable.*]

(*e*) Slaves, &c. Journeymen Butchers, ſuch as *Aſhly*, &c.

(*f*) *Stepcote-hill.*] To the Weſt of this City is a Deſcent call'd *Step-cote-hill*, to which as the Butcherow leads, the Guts, Blood, Litter, Ordure, and a Variety of Naſtineſs from the Shambles, are, in hard Showers of Rain, rapidly carried over it into the River, juſt by *Exe-bridge*.

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Deft Managers, betimes, with ſearchful Care,
Smoak Who are Who, as ſundry Signs declare,
As cunning Spies to reconnoitre ſcout,
And ſteal Advice what lurks the Foe about.

Now Chiefs of haughty Boſom ſupple ſtoop
Ev'n to the Jakes to angle for a Dupe,
Who for a Wheadle will invert his Coat,
Or for a Promiſe proſtitute his Throat.
The Maſter-Tradeſmen courtly condeſcend
To call a ſimple Working-Man *my Friend*,
Familiar ſit, and pledge, by touching Pots,
Whom they have ſkunn'd for Scoundrels, Scrubs, and Sots.
A tatter'd *Gaffer* is accoſted, *Sur!*
And *Shabs* are *Neighbours* own'd without Demur.
Druggiſt to Pounder tips obliging Wink,
And Mercer aſks his Errand-Man to drink.
Grocer on Porter's Arm lays ſweet'ning Pat,
And Draper to a Taylor touches Hat.

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A Small-Ware-Man extends his plumper Hand
To ſhake a Pedlar's; And, upwheadled grand,
A Tinker to a Goldſmith cover'd goes;
And Merchant greets Japanner of his Shoes.
Nay, Pariſh Clarks, who rev'rend Surplice wear,
And whoſe *Aſſent* authentic renders Pray'r,
Whom (box'd in hallow'd Deſk, full Jole by Cheek
With Parſon) Learn'd in Look, demurely ſleek,
Reading a clear Half-Title to the Gown,
We muſt (g) *Inferior Clergy!* duely own; —
Ev'n Clarks lay by their State, and Sextons join,
As they co-equal tope, co-equal Chat and Coin.
STARTUP, magnificent of Thought, though He
Adorns in Pew Chief-Warden's big Degree,
His wonted Inſolence forgoes a while,
And nods a Congee with a lureing Smile.

CELSUS

(g) *Inferior Clergy.*) So a certain Clark in this City ſtyl'd himſelf and his brother Clarks. We (ſays he) of the inferior Clergy can, ſome of us, read better than our Maſters.

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CELSUS the ſolemn, whoſe *Plutonian* Frown
Looks ſupercilious on mere Mortals down,
Aſſumes a Spice of almoſt civil Guiſe,
And bears a Daſh of Sweetneſs in his Eyes.
(*b*) PUMILIO, whoſe all-penetrating Sight
Through the proverbial Millſtone meets the Light,
Great on the Bench as HUDIBRAS is ſung,
(Where, formidable for a doubty Tongue,
With Him not (*i*) ABEL on the Stage compares
In bearing up th' *Importance of Affairs*)
Not wanted yet at Council-board to ſpeech,
Sits cloſe Companion with ſome vulgar Breech.
Ev'n bulky (*k*) TUBER, whoſe vaſt Stomach ſwells
Much as the Fable of the *Paddock* tells,

(*b*) PUMILIO, alias *Dandiprat.*

(*i*) ABEL in the Play call'd *The Committee*, &c.

(*k*) TUBER. [*I knew this Perſon doubtleſs in* 1737, *but forget him now in* 1770.]

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And more the Cloak, ſo late put on, dilates
Than an High-Mighty of the *Belgic* States,
Abate an Inch of bloted Grandeur can,
Nor look immenſer than an Alderman.

Though theſe Patricians ſcatter Vows to fight
Like Roman Tribunes for Plebeian Right,
And promiſſory Patriots become
As popular Love-winning ABSALOM,
Yet MOBS true-ſteel'd and ſtomachful reject
The ſtale Cajole, nor will deſert their Sect.
Deſert their Sect?—As ſoon a Jilt ſhall rap
A fluſh'd new Cully for a fleec'd old Chap.
As ſoon the Spark ſhall keep Connubial Vows
Who makes, for Pelf, a loathſome Crone his Spouſe:
Curmudgeons hate of free Regales to taſte,
And Girls in pamper'd Idleneſs be chaſte:
They Horns eſcape who Youth at Sev'nty wife;
And Vintners Riches with their Grandſons thrieve:

Upſtarts

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Upſtarts in Office more obliging grow,
And on the Outed Proofs of Love beſtow.
CLODIUS leave Wenching, to oblige his Wife,
And TABID Toping to preſerve his Life:
As ſoon ſhall *(l)* PHILL the prideleſs ceaſe to tell
What Things when he *Head-Steward* was [befell,
Or what Events took place in ſome great Hour,
Whilſt dignify'd He Chair of Governour.
Deſert their Sect? What! turn a Recreant?
No; ſooner be incurr'd of Bread the Want.
No; they, tenacious of their proper Dyes,
Propos'd Cockades of alien Hue deſpiſe,
And, firm as Rocks, by Tides ne'er overborn,
In Love of Privilege, known Welfare ſcorn.
Nay, ſome, more moody, their own Maſters beard,
And piſh at being from Imploy caſhier'd;

Ill

(l) PHILL. PHILL BASTARD, who in all Companies lugg'd in ſomething to ſpeak of his having been one of the annual Stewards, or Bailiffs; and the ſame with regard of having had his Turn of being Governor among the incorporated Guardians of the Poor.

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Ill Names retort, and daſh Upbraidings by,
And Serjeants menac'd to the Back defy.

Thus ſtout ST. PETER elevates his Tow'rs,
Expos'd to Thunder, Stormy Blaſts and Show'rs;
But ſtands them all unmov'd, and braves the Sky
To ſpend its Rage in conſtant Battery;
Seems but to whiſtle at the Wind; the Rain
Precipitates with Scorn; and with Diſdain
Hears the wroth Tempeſt beat his ſounding Plain.

Ale-ſoakers now exert their leachy Skill
Quick to induce the *(m) Running of the Quill.*
Shall

(m) Running of the Quill.) When the Rabble have Liquor given 'em before, at, or after Elections, they ſay *the Quill runs* at ſuch or ſuch a Houſe; and they getting themſelves drunk by it they call *Quilling*, or drinking upon *the Quill*. I conjecture it had its Origin from a *Quill*'s being us'd for the Liquor's *running* through from the Meſhing-Vat in Brewing. Nor is it indeed impoſſible but a *Quill* was heretofore us'd here inſtead of a modern Braſs Cock, or Wooden Faucet; we ſtill ſaying *Put the Jug*, &c. *to Pen*, when we'd ſignify the having it *run* from the Hogſhead immediately into the Jug.

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Shall to be *freely drunk* the *Right* be loſt,
That beſt of annual Rights Shab-Freemen boaſt?
Rather come on no free Election more,
Nor ev'n the prided Privilege to roar!
For Parties both, amidſt their Jarrs, unite
In Claim to ſhare the Bacchanalian Right.
No Quill run? Rather Flood-ſwoln Exe away
Run with the *Iſland* Malt-houſe to the Sea!
Let (*n*) Bangs on Stalls, and jollier Wickedneſs,
Hoots, Drabbing, Fiddling, Swearing, Cavils, ceaſe,
And Brabbles, on the Morn when born the [Prince of Peace.
Yea rather let each new-choſe May'r detain
The City's Buckets; let the Butchers chain
Their

(*n*) *Bangs*, &c.] The Chriſtmas-Day Morning is moſt ſcandalouſly abuſed here by the Particulars above-mentioned, and a helliſh Variety of other Wickedneſs and Outrage. Mean while, ſome accompanied with Fiddles, others without them, rove about the City, and under Windows ſing Carols of Chriſt, God, and the Holy-Ghoſt, and ſo make them in Deed the *Song* of the *Drunkard*. And for ſuch impudent Prophaneneſs they are rewarded, having not only *Chriſtmas Drink*, but Money to be more drunk with, given 'em. —[*But ſuch ſcandalous Night-Mobbings*, &c. &c. *have of later Years been much ſuppreſs'd and nearly queſh'd.*]

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Their Maſtives up, in Spite, to diſannul
That glorious *Law* of *worrying a Bull*;
And ſo — preventing mortal Colds by Sweat,
Or Colds as killing by (*o*) Aſſaults of Wet) —
Reduce the wonted Fluſh of Deadly Trade
Of thoſe who wield the Peſtle or the Spade.

But oh! in vain they ſkilful Mumpings ply;
For yet the Chiefs their *Running Quill* deny;
And Teſters, here and there, ſtruck up, ſuffice
But juſt a heart'ning Quart or ſo to raiſe.

Yet Patience, Soakers! and forbear to dun:
Quills ſhall as freely as the Conduit run. —
As ponded Mill-Brooks, free'd of Bar, redeem
Loſt Time by guſhing in a rapid Stream,
Anon, in Seaſon, though Stagnation now
Witholds the Current, ſhall Ale-Rivers flow.

What

(*o*) *Wet.*] The Butchers, &c. who are annually permitted to beat a Bull (a Diverſion which too many of our tender-hearted fine Dames ſeem to delight in) before the Mayor's Door, throw Buckets or Hats-full of Water on all they can reach, &c.—See another Note on the Occaſion in Canto iv.

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What though ALPHEUS (*p*) hides awhile from
View,
And ſeems to bid his upper Banks Adieu,
Freſh, freſh, in Vigour, he breaks forth again,
And viſibly flows jocund to the Main.

(*p*) *Alpheus.*] This River doth run quite through *Arcadia*, *Elis*, and along the City of *Piſa*; ſoon after which it is ſwallowed up in the Earth. From thence it is ſuppos'd to run, by a ſubterraneous Channel, under the Sea, without mixing with the Salt Water, and ſo to paſs quite into *Sicily*, where it mixes itſelf with the Fountain *Arethuſa*, near the City of *Syracuſe*; inſomuch that any Thing that is thrown into it on the *Elis* Side is ſaid to come out of the Fountain above-named. Vid. Diod. Pauſan. et al. Hence the poetic Fiction of *Alpheus*'s Love to *Arethuſa*. Univ. Hiſt. Vol. ii. pa. (fol. Edit.) 406. Note (b).

End of the Third Canto.

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CANTO IV.

BY this, where Houſes, whelving, Houſes meet,
And vault with Beetle-brows a ſhelving Street,
Where ſtout *(a)* St. PETER, on the Corner Stall,
Props the impending Edifice from Fall, —
The luſcious Smoke of Furmity an Hour
Had tempted errant Younglings to devour.
By this had Rural Blowzes made their Rounds,
On Steeds-and-Panniers, in the licens'd Bounds,
Whom grudg'd Half-penny's Fee admits to ſcream
Milk, Cabbage, Apples, Butter, Eggs, and [Cream,
And *(b)* OTHO made their Malediction's Theme.

By

(a) St. Peter, &c.] Meaning *Northgate-ſtreet*.

(b) Otho.] Mr. OTHO CHANNON, the Market-Man, and my honeſt Kinſman.

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By this had funky (*c*) JENKIN, Friends preſume,
Of Pipe the tenth whiff'd the white curling Fume.
By this had *(d)* SKINDLY through [harangued ten Streets
With lewd loud Scandal, and been voted hang'd.
By this hiſtoric SNARL thrice tenthly ſpake
His Faculty of — Proneneſs to — *miſtake.*
By this did SORDID, Lip-bewraying, ſtuff
His Noſtrils with his fiftieth Gripe of Snuff.

(*c*) *Jenkin.*] JENKIN WILLIAMS, the honeſt *Welch* Landlord of our Eaſtern *White Hart* Inn, ſo tight a Friend to the Revenue, that is, ſuch a perpetual Smoaker, that he ſeems, in ſome Meaſure, as if he ſubſiſted partly by it: For which Reaſon Wags have aſſign'd to ſuch his Smoke the Epithet of *vital.* He is an early Stirrer, and ſticks the Tube in his Jaws, as ſoon as (if not before) he ſteps out of Bed; from whence he ſcarce ever plucks it but to fill. Suppoſing him to have gat up, this Morning of extraordinary Buſineſs, between Five or Six, we can't in Conſcience allow him leſs than his *tenth Pipe* by Ten o'Clock. An hyperbolical Fellow once offer'd to maintain, by a moderate Computation, he had Fire enough in his Pipe during the common Six Days, if collected into a Body, to boil his Pot o'Sunday.

(*d*) *Skinley.*] The moſt noiſy and moſt ſcandalous of R--ſc--s, whoſe chief or only Delight was induſtriouſly to ſpread Defamation, falſe or true, through the Town.

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By this hail *(e)* CHAMPION, like TITHONUS blest
In early ſhaking off unhealthy Reſt,
Had on ten Benches try'd whoſe Ale was beſt.

By this had the Eccleſiaſtic Chime
Proclaim'd of Forenoon-Pray'r the inſtant Time;
Whilſt Nymphs not prink'd-up with Ball Airs to pray
Sat ſipping Slander with their Pagan Tea.

By this, another Morn, had *(f)* Drum been heard
With martial Beat to chear the marching [Guard,
Nor were the Warriour Wags array'd to play,
In Garriſon kept ſafe from Warfare's Way,
And mock the Town-Imployment of the Day.

But

(e) Champion.] Mr. CHAMPION, of the *Swan* Inn. He is truly deſcribed in the Verſe.

(f) Drum.] Preciſely at Ten was wont a Party of the Regiment quarter'd here to march to the Caſtle, to mount and relieve the Guard. But, of late, ſince Mobbing run ſo high, the Commanding Officers, to prevent the Soldiery's interfering with, or being drawn into, the Squabbles of the Town, have us'd to order 'em betimes into the ſaid Caſtle; where

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But whence that Hurricane of Voice we hear?
See! Crowds in Deluge through EASTGATE [appear!
The Yellow (*g*) GREEKS with vaſt Huzza ruſh in;
And Blues look bluer at the dauntful Din.
For leſs intrepid and ſecure of Fame
The gen'rous ROMANS of the (*b*) FABIAN Name,
March'd

where being confined all Day they have us'd to divert themſelves and Officers with a Mock-*Election* of their own, which they have ſometimes done very comically, one Party being for the Time reputed *Blue*, the other *Yellow*, &c.

(g) Greeks.] So we Surname, I know not why, the rugged Inhabitants of St. *Sidwells*. The Title ſeems to have ariſen from their contending with the City at Foot-ball, &c. they being call'd *Greeks* as making the Invaſion, and the Townſmen perhaps *Trojans* in defending their Ground, &c.

(b) Fabian.] Near about the Year of *Rome* 280. *Cæſo Fabius* and *T. Virginius* being Conſuls, the Plebeians refuſing to inliſt to ſerve againſt the *Hetrurians*, who invaded their Country, the *Fabii*, to the Number of 306, with about 4000 Vaſſals and Clients, generouſly engag'd to ſecure the Frontiers againſt the Enemy. They march'd gallantly through the Gate *Carmentalis*; which became famous thereby; but which, on their being to a Man cut off, was afterwards nam'd *Porta ſcelerata*, or *the accurſed Gate*. See *Ovid* Faſt. l. ii. --- *Carmentis portæ dextra*, &c.

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March'd through their fam'd CARMENTAL
GATE, to go
And quell the Inſults of th' HETRURIAN Foe.

As under *(i)* SHALLDOWN's cliffy Coaſt,
where TEING
With Brine confounds, at Ebb, her ſweeter [Spring,
When NEPTUNE drives the mobbing Flood
along,
The liquid Ridges turbulently throng,
Waves hilling on the Backs of Waves ſwell high,
And on the craggy Upland throw the Spry,
Then in her Bay uſurp the leſſ'ning Strands,
And roll an Ocean o'er the ſhelly Sands,
So the rough Populace, in-guſh'd, amain
Extends on each Side of the paved Plain.

Three

(i) Shalldown] A little Fiſhing-Town, between which and *Teignmouth* runs the River *Ting*, or *Teing*; or rather where that River diſembogues. The Deſcription of the Place and of the Tide's flowing there is exactly natural, whether or no it be artfully enough poetical. Nor, we humbly preſume, is the Simile or Compariſon quite unapt.

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Three ſtanch Chief-Maſters of the Woolly Woof,
Unſhock'd by Bankruptcies, and Fortune-proof,
Chearily gruff, whoſe Looks of Bus'neſs charm,
Grace in the Front the rugged rapid Swarm.

The Stretch of Rabble, Twelve a-breaſt, draws nigh;
And *(k)* HADDY! HADDY! rattles to the Sky.
The honeſt Vogue aſcends Heav'n's ſmiling Frame,
Which in approving Ecchoes bids the Name;
And ever, as the duteous Clamours ſoar,
Methinks ſome Angel crys, *Encore! Encore!*
On t' other hand, from divers Quarters led,
See, growing Squadrons wide FORESTREET o'erſpread.

Envy

(k) Haddy.] Mr. Haddy, who had diſcharg'd the Office of High-Sheriff, and all the inferiour, with Reputation, and was one of the Candidates at a former Election to the Mayoralty, was expected, and extremely wiſh'd, to have been again ſet up.

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Envy and Emulation ſharp incite
By ang'ring Poſtures to denounce the Fight,
The Mouthy Fight and more. With mutual Grin
They, intricate, to ſkirmiſh ſtrait begin.
Alternate Vollies of adverſe Acclaim
To pierce with miſſive Daunt, bombarding, aim.
A Hundred Throats club Energy of Bawl
For Blue!; a Hundred *for the Yellow!* ſquawl.
O'er the pounch'd Lip Boars foaming Dudgeon fumes,
And Dragons Malice hiſſes through the Gums.
Hands clapp'd on Buttocks Fiſts lift braving dare,
And mettled Skips againſt bold Leaps declare.
Brow-beatings glum terrific Frowns oppoſe.
To cope flam'd Cheeks the ſparkling Eye-ball glows.
At pointing Fingers levell'd Fingers rage,
And Mouths awry with ſnarling Jaws engage.
High-waving Hats with Hats high-flouriſh'd vie,
Shouts anſwer Shouts, and *Habs!* to *Habs!* reply.

Vile

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Vile Names, like Stinkpots, though to Truth unknown,
Are, interchang'd, upon each other thrown:

So is by Wolves aſperſive Urine flung,
And the Bonaſus battles with his Dung.

In Parts remote the Riffraff, Men and Boys,
With leaning Ears drink the infectious Noiſe;
And, vainly wiſh'd the Field's Remove, to ſhare
The hideous Pleaſures of the Strife more near,
At once Commotion from each Outſkirt rolls,
And dark Defiles pour out new-muſter'd Sholes.
With trudging Speed their Feet Impatience wings,
And, ſpringing, to the Camp of Diſcord brings.

So, oft', in Bodies, when diſpos'd to jar
The Blood impure, and peccant Humours war,
They from th' extremer Parts in Conflux join
Beneath the Arm, or centre in the Groin;

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Where, bubbling fierce within a Bily Urn,
Appeaſeleſs they a new Corruption churn,
And, wrathful, in vulcanian Tumours burn.

Bick'ring in Diſarray the Pow'rs they find,
Arm'd as with Stings of Hornets in the Mind.
ENTHUSIASM, the hotteſt Fiend on Earth,
Hell-born, though it pretends a heav'nly Birth,
Wayward impels the Shock; lewd DISCORD leads,
And mad SEDITION bellows at their Heads.

As Dog (I've ſeen) on Travel, ſtung by Want,
Arriv'd at Inn, with gnawing Hunger gaunt,
(And by Experience taught a juſt Deſpair
Of his leſs faithful Maſter's duteous Care)
In Kitchen, cat'ring, ſnatch an Offal Feaſt,
Or ravin on a Bone, his hard Repaſt!
And, bold by Famine, diligent beſtir,
Spight of th' inhoſpitable menial Cur,

Shews

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Shews Teeth prepar'd for Teeth, and Yells for Howls,
And renders Snarls for Snarls, and Growls for [Growls,
So vehement, ſo greedy of the Fray,
Ruſh the new Comers to th' imbattled Way:
Habs! quick engage with *Habs!* a ſkrew'd Grimace
Outſtares the GORGON of a wreſted Face;
The rival Buſtlers maze a Change of Ground,
And each Side, foaming, thunder *Sound!* for *Sound!*

As, when at Diſtance flaſhing Sulphurs growl,
And to the Down their grumbled Terrors rowl,
The conſcious Shepherd, of experienc'd Ear,
Quakes leſt the growing Menace burſt too near,
The Suburbs round, drain'd of their various Din,
Hear, ſhaking, the collected Roar within.

But, ſudden Awe! the trembling Streets reſound,
As though infernal Tempeſt ſhock'd the Ground!

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And ſee the Cauſe: — Six ſmoaking Steeds approach,
With laſh'd-up Fury whiſking on a Coach: —
How hurricanian ſwift! No fleeter Kind
Are father'd, in the ILIAD, on the WIND.
So glow their working Noſtrils, as they run,
As if the fiery Courſers of the SUN
Wedded terreſtrial Mares, with proud Deſign
To raiſe a Stud, half mortal, half divine.

Back! back! unſwift of Foot! His Life's at ſtake
Who dares acroſs the Canal Refuge take:
No more the JEHU would his Gallop ſtay
Than (*l*) TULLIA, limp'd his Father in the Way.

Leſs

(*l*) TULLIA, &c.] Learned and Well-read Perſons need no Note here; yet for the ſake of leſs informed others, 'tis hoped they'll not abhor one, tho' not of the ſhorteſt Size. TARQUIN ſurnam'd *the proud*, Son-in-law to SERVIUS TULLIUS, King of *Rome*, inſtigated thereto by his execrable Wife, the above TULLIA, conſpired againſt his ſaid Father-in-law, and by Aſſaſſination murther'd him in the Street.

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Leſs rapid rattling are Stage-Drivers known,
Of Cattle oſtentatious, through a Town.
Upward he threatful Courſe to Hôtel takes,
And all along each lofty Manſion ſhakes.

Now 'ſtabliſh'd Churches fancy Perils more
Than ſharp (*m*) SACHEVERAL deſcry'd of Yore.
The ſundry Gates, Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and Kay,
Feel joint Concuſſion and a joint Diſmay:
And fear might Gates which the Chief Temple guard,
Leſt, tumbling, they expoſe again the *Yard*,
'The

Street. And this impious Wretch riding triumphantly in her Chariot through the ſame Street, her Driver, ſtruck with Horrour at the Sight of the bleeding Corpſe, ſtopp'd his Horſes. She call'd to him to go on. He told her, he could not without driving over her own Father's Body. She flung a Stool that was in the Chariot at his Head, commanding him to drive on. He obeying, ſome of her own Father's Blood ſtuck to her Chariot Wheels, &c.

(*m*) SACHEVERAL.] Dr. HEN. SACHEVERAL, famous at the latter End of Q. ANNE's Reign, for a Sermon, twice preach'd, on the Danger of the Church, from the Text *In Perils among falſe Brethren*,

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The ſeparated *Yard*, to Gangs who cou'd
Shed a new worthier (*n*) JOHN THE CHAUNTER's Blood,
Did Chaunters ſtill, 'like ſuperſtitious, creep
To warble Pray'r ſo early, half aſleep.

Around the Walls a panic Horror ſpreads,
And the torn Caſtle quick Deſtruction dreads;
For ſcarce more thund'ring in EGYPTIAN Wars
To Battle ruſh'd Scyth-arm'd their Iron Carrs,
As now this deſperate (*o*) deck'd Carr of Hides,
Twice twofold Murder rolling on its Sides.

Tremendous ÆTNA in his Bull-Face glows,
From whoſe ſtrong Hold the Rein full length-
en'd flows.
Chin, Cheeks, Noſe, Forehead, all of Ruby ſeem,
And like Carbuncle his flam'd Eyeballs gleam.

PYROIS,

(*n*) JOHN THE CHAUNTER.] A Chaunter of St. Peter's of that Name was heretofore murder'd in the Cloiſters, as he was early in the Morning going to celebrate Mattins.

(*o*) So I venture poetically to ſtyle a Coach.

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(*p*) PYROIS, fell Planet! in his Orbit ne'er
So fir'd of Aſpect roll'd his bloody Sphere.
Nor the Poſtillion, in Tann'd Coat of Mail,
And Ox-hide Helmet, fails with Look t' aſſail:
So valiant, keen, and eager to ſubdue,
Each darts his Glance — to run a Thouſand through.
Horſemen, their Petronels in Holſters plac'd,
With Creſts emboſs'd, and gorgeous Cyphers grac'd,
A cramm'd ſlick Troop, in Livery *a-ſort*,
Politely ruſtic, the gay Wheels eſcort.
October briſkly mantles in the Eye,
And Roaſt-Beef Gravy ſeems the Lips to dye.
Though bulky Beef-Men of the Moon-fac'd Guard
Shew Cheeks leſs broad, and Backs leſs brawny hard,
Yet whiſker'd Huſſars, fierce in Caps of Fur,
Leſs briſkly bold to ſudden Skirmiſh ſpur.
Such,

(*p*) PYROIS.] A Name of the Planet *Mars*.

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Such, lo! the Equipage. — Shall CLIO tell
What (*q*) Hero loads the vaunting Vehicle?
No; — ſmiling gravely, ſhe refers the Strain
To her ſweet Siſter of facetious Vein,
Who thus, — perſiſting in the comic Pin,
Sings *What*, — not *Who*, — the mighty MARS within.

A ſhot-free Warrior, who, in Home Campaigns,
Commands Dog-Armies, and Dog-kindred [Swains;
And, train'd a modern NIMROD of the Field,
Makes modern Wild-Beaſts — of the Paddock — yield,
That not HIRCANIA's Foreſt-Records tell
There Tygers by ſo vaſt a Havock fell
As fall the dreadful'ſt Harts, whilſt boldeſt Hares
Are vanquiſh'd eaſily as RUSSIA's Bears.

Brave

(*q*) *Heroe.*] This Picture of a Coach and Six, &c. was drawn from the Life, allowing for poetic Embelliſhment.— [*This Gentleman was ſome Honourary-Freeman; though indeed, and in ſerious and ſolemn Truth, I have forgot particularly Who.*]

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Bravely as ſharp-ſet TROJANS, for their Food,
Fought Harpies, he aſſaults *Cocks* o' the *Wood:*
Undaunted as an *Afric* Hunter tracks
The Oſtrich, he fell Patridges attacks;
And fats a more inhoſpitable Way
With Blood of Snipes, — and ſuch dire Fowls of Prey!
Ev'n HE, for Country's Good, leaves Country Chace,
To head ſome City Dregs of Populace;
Leaves the ſymphonious Howlings of the Hound,
That Packs of Human Barkers may ſurround,
And with more ſavage Harmony cry *Sound!*

But huſh! For lo! a more than tuneful Strain
Enchants the Ear: A long and noble Train,
Approaching, captivates my dazzled Eye,
So bright, ſcarce MORN ſo brightly gilds the Sky.

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Say, whoſe the Tweadle-tweadle ſweet, who thoſe
That the long bright Proceſſion thus compoſe,
In Order, as, with too impeded Speed,
They their ſuperior Chiefs-of-Rule precede.

In prime; a ſpruce yet formidable Clan
Come marching, as the Civil Army's Van,
Hight Conſtables, well knowing of their Weight,
And Title, once *(r) imperial* of Conceit.
His Step each fortifies with Staff, full quaint
With Decorations of refulgent Paint:
As TROJANS truſty, (*s*) with a righteous View
Cull'd all to act *impartial——for the Blue.*

How

(*r*) *Conſtable* being deriv'd from *Koning*-ſtable, and from *Koning* comes the abbreviated Title *King*.

(*s*) *With a righteous View.*] All the Conſtables are of the *Blue* Party, as the Party affects to be intitled. Their being thus cull'd is a notable Inſtance of Juſtice and Impartiality! And who can ſuſpect an ill Cauſe to be under-hand ſerv'd thereby, ſince Magiſtrates of any Honour and Conſcience would deteſt and ſcorn any vile Management? To be ſure their candid and neighbourly Deſign is only to take the Trouble of keeping Peace, *&c. &c.* off the Hands of others.

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How wiſe, how juſt, the Project thus to bar
Againſt the Perils of *unnat'ral* War!
For when the wicked God of Faction finds
An equal Pow'r plac'd with repugnant Minds,
In Colleague Breaſts he kindles hoſtile Spite,
And goads the very Guards of Peace to fight:
Whilſt here's the ſole Contention and the Pride,
Who beſt can buſtle on the *rightful Side.*

But — ſoftly, MUSE: — That Leader ONE diſplay,
Who ſtruts ſuch an important *(t)* A PER SE.

Of bonny Port, a-head the gallant reſt,
His tipp'd Battoon now ſtay'd an-end on Breaſt,
Now in his Grip—(too dignify'd to wield
A Peſtle more!) — by the pois'd Middle held,

(*t*) A PER SE.] That is to ſay an *A by himſelf*; the Van-leader of the Alphabet, the heading Letter, the very *Alpha*, the Prime of all the ſubſequent ones. CHAUCER uſes the Phraſe, and it is a very ſignificant one. I abhor no expreſſive Words for their being *antique*.

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With moſt puiſſant Sail their *(u)* choſen Chief
Steers his rigg'd Pageantry of Manly Beef.
What happy Union in his Eye we ſee!
Where Sweetneſs has eſpous'd Ferocity!
Parts in his Frame PARIS and HECTOR crave;
Strong, elegant, briſk, beautiful, and brave.

With leſs Decorum Chriſtmas Mummer ſtruts
Than on He bears his goodly Grace of Guts,
Though that ſame Mummer *(x)* ENGLAND's
HEROE plays,
And Dragon, with his Whineard's Flouriſh ſlays.

No

(u) CYANUS, al. GEORGEE, the Druggiſt, who gat to be the *Captain Conſtable* by bidding higheſt for the Short Staff, and procured it to be tipp'd at each End with Silver, his Name engrav'd thereon, with the Date of the Year.

(x) England's Heroe.] St. *George* for *England*. At Chriſtmas are (or at leaſt very lately were) Fellows wont to go about from Houſe to Houſe in *Exeter a mumming*; one of whom, in a (borrow'd) Holland Shirt, moſt gorgeouſly be-ribbon'd, over his Waiſtcoat, *&c.* flouriſhing a Faulchion, very valiantly entertains the admiring Spectators thus:

" Oh! here comes I Saint *George*, a Man of Courage bold,
" And with my Spear I winn'd three Crowns of Gold.
" I ſlew the Dragon, and brought him to the Slaughter;
" And by that very means I married *Sabra*; the beauteous
" King of *Egypt*'s Daughter. — Play Muſick."

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No HAMLET's Ghoſt can more majeſtic hold
His Truncheon, nor Stage-HANNIBAL ſo bold;
Nor one of all the *(y)* Raggamuffian Guard
Of South'nhay Fair more ſtately bears the *Yard.*
See! whilſt *aright* wide-throated Franticks ſhout,
With nodded Thanks he chears the raſcal Rout;
His Ruffle ſhak'd encourages the Roar,
And ſmil'd Rewards his gracious *Muns* flood [o'er.

Next *(z)* BEADLES (as in Packs of Cards be
(a) Knaves,
Two Couple juſt) with Brazen-headed Staves,
In

(y) Raggamuffian Guard.] A Fair being held in our *Southernhay* Aug. 1. a Parcel of moſt be-tatter'd Fellows, furniſh'd with Truncheons, of about a Yard in Length (and therefrom, I ſuppoſe, denominated Yardſ-men) are ſworn to keep the Peace, &c. &c. &c.

(z) Beadles.] Thoſe whom we commonly call *Stave-bearers*, from the *Staves* with large brazen Heads which they carry in their Hands on Duty. In the Chriſtmas Quarter they become Bell-men of the Night, and thump carefully and frightfully at our Doors, at every Turn repeating, in the moſt abominable manner that can poſſibly be conceiv'd a Bull-dog could by the Gift of Speech pronounce with a Flint-ſtone in his Mouth, the moſt wretched and hideous Rhymes ever made by the vileſt *Devil of a Poet.* See p. 83.

(a) Knaves.] or Gnaves, The Name originally means no

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In tuck'd Blue Veſts, and Bonnets Gold of Brim,
(What Turk's Head Sign ſtares, tho' muſtach'd, ſo grim?
Whoſe Brows o'erwhelm'd with *(b)* Varlet Haughtineſs
Them ſignalize Journeymen-Juſtices,
March, throwing Looks of Magiſtracy round,
As if to menace Stocks, *Backgate*, or Pound;
(Stocks for th' Unupright, or *poor* Swearer's Feet,
And Pound for Hogs caught vagabond in Street;
Where ſtarving oft' the Strollers wail, attack'd
By *trading* Juſtice on the Vagrant Act).
The Staves they bear, — from whence *Stave-bearers* we
Them call, — are Staves of Vaſſal Dignity;
Not thoſe which in black Winter Nights with Knock
From Reſt us ſtartle — but to learn the Clock,
Or

no worſe than mere *Servants*, (thus in an old Tranſlation, *Paul a knave of Jeſus Chriſt*), or Serjeants, *Servientes*.

(b) Varlet, perhaps, meant little more formerly than does *Valet* now.

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Or feel tremendous Rhyme, in mumbling wiſe
Croak'd horrible, our tingling Ears chaſtiſe,
When diſmal Voice, and diſmal Clink of Bell,
Inflict *Good-Morrows* with (*c*) *Death, Judgment, Hell.*

Minſtrels, in Cloaks, for Age how reverend!
From whoſe grac'd Necks priz'd Silver Chains depend,
Come, whoſe Baſſoon, Trump, and Recorders blow
Exſtatic Glee before the Grandee Show;
Whilſt on each Side a Vocal Thunder peals,
And far and wide the walking Pomp reveals;

Crowds upon Crowds, as in capricious Trance,
As if to ramm the ſtarting Pavement dance.

The

(*c*) *Death*, &c.] This reſpects theſe their Verſes (which indeed may be eſteem'd their beſt) viz.

" There is Four Things conſider well,
" Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell;
" Which if in Cauſe you do neglect,
" Unquiet Reſt you may expect;
" Good-morrow Mr. *Such an one* (Thump!) &c. &c. &c.

Though I am apt to fear that *if in Cauſe* many among us did *not* neglect to conſider of theſe Four Things, they would take leſs quiet Reſt than uſually they *take*.

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The trampled Stones reſound, and ev'ry Door
And Caſement rattle at the glad Uproar.

So when ſweet ORPHEUS ſtruck the artful Chords,
That eloquently warbled magic Words,
A friſky Joy Bulls, Boars, and Bears poſſeſs'd,
And Apes and Aſſes vy'd to caper beſt;
Dales, Hills, and Woods, and Rocks, and Dens around,
Kept Time in Rapture at the quick'ning Sound.

In gorgeous Robes, and Hats ſuperb of Lace,
Four Serjeants follow, each with mighty Mace;
Not thoſe dull (*d*) piteous Toys which heretofore
HAIN, OXENBERE, EVANS, and STAPLEHILL bore,
Whoſe

(*d*) *Toys.*] They have now very handſome Maces. But their former ones were ſuch pitiful Things as might deſerve Ridicule almoſt as well as the Mace of *Lydford*, deſcrib'd by the old Poet Mr. *Brown* thus,

'A Piece of Coral to the Mace,
'Which there I ſaw to ſerve in Place,
'Might make a good Child's Whiſtle.'

But ours, I confeſs, might have been converted into tolerable Punch-Ladles.

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Whoſe hollow Knobs, and Stems minute and
ſhort,
Shew'd as for Rattles made and Childrens Sport,
But crown'd, and ſo magnificent in Mode,
They'd worthily Four Heralds Shoulders load.

Be-crown'd with Cap of an Umbrella's Size,
Rich Velvet, richer in Embroideries,
Comes burley He, who, as of Spades the King,
Bears Sword erect;— a fine and fearful Thing.
Cou'd Duke inrob'd at Coronation e'er [bear?
With Gait more courtly the *(e)* CURTANA
Or cou'd a *(f)* Lictor's Ax and Faſces ſpread,
If drawn from its fair Scabbard, keener Dread?

Behind this Guardian Armour-bearer pace
The PRÆTOR and his PEERS, Brace after Brace;
Ah! too oppreſs'd to ambling ſweep along
Through the Ten-deep, cloſe-thruſting, noiſy
Throng,

(e) *Curtana.*] The unpointed Sword borne at Coronations.
(f) *Lictor's Ax and Faſces.*] Such were borne before the Conſuls and Emperors of antient *Rome.*

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Though is with Buſtle a ſtreight Alley made,
And pious Bowings own the dread Parade.

Who, and how dignify'd, grave Goodeſs, ſay
The Sages of the Worſhipful Array:
Say, has LYCURGUS here aſſum'd the Gown,
And SOLON, Side by Side, took Rule in Town?
Say MUSE. No:—Cautious of Conſtruction wrong,
A trembling Veneration checks the Song.
Nor She thoſe Graces hopes to deck her Lays
Which join'd *whilom* in SIR JOHN ADEE's Praiſe,
Whence Bays ſo vaſt foreſtalling *(g)* BARRET won,
He hardly left a Leaf to browſe upon;
Who PHOEBUS' Son *thrice* told! his own Work ſung,
Whilſt, hackling ſawn, his Grumbler-Viol [rung;
That

(g) *Barret.*] A Fellow who went about with a Baſe-Viol (though he never could play one Tune in his Life) on which he, as we may ſay, hack'd and ſaw'd a grumbling gruff Noiſe, calling it *playing Baſe*. He was the Author of the Ballad on Mr. Adee, who aſſum'd, in Joke, the Title of *Sir John Adee*. See more in a ſucceeding Note.

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That ne'er ſo gruff a Melody cou'd ſpring
From a *Moriſcan* Bladder-and-a-String.
Time-nicking Bard! who with ſuch cogent Eaſe
Could'ſt the refined Taſte of CHAMBER pleaſe!

Thus the like ruſtic lucky Lays could bring
On PAN the laudful Judgment of a *(b)* King.

That *choſen* Band whom we the Vaward ſaw,
The executive Potence of our Law,
Ent'ring the Roof of Juſtice, Strife, and Storm,
With order'd Staffs a Lane, detruding, form;
Which ere CHIEF-RULERS through can penetrate,
Th' impatient Million jaumbing choak the [Gate;
And there might ſtick, but that th' effective Sway
Of backing Shovers clears th' obſtructed Way.
Rough Anarchy floods blund'ring in amain,
And ſurly Riot chafes perverſe to reign.

M 2 Routs,

(b) King.] Viz. MIDAS, who decree'd the Prize to PAN, even againſt the God of Muſick and Poetry himſelf, APOLLO, or PHOEBUS.

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Routs, after Routs, 'fore-ſtumbling Routs
displace,
Then to new Forcers yield the ſeized Space.
The vaunting Hectors of athletic Frame,
Whom does *Exonian* Speech (*i*) RUMBULLIANS
name,
Cleave with tempeſt'ous Driſt the Preſs, and [ſcorn
To find a Paſſage, ſince to make it born.
Like that bold (*k*) Keel which broke ſtrong
VIGO's Boom,
The headlong Ruffians burſt themſelves a [Room:

The

(*i*) *Rumbullians.*] We *Exonians*, who have ſome Words peculiar, I believe, to ourſelves, call furious, headſtrong, headlong, boiſterous Men, *Rumbullian Fellows.*

(*k*) *Keel.*] Keel, as poetically does *Carina* in Latin, heretofore ſignify'd a whole Ship. But without having Recourſe to ſuch its old Meaning, or to a *Figure* in Rhetorick, it is properly enough us'd in its preſent Acceptation of only Part of a Ship. The Exploit here referr'd to is in the Expedition at Vigo, in 1702, when Admiral *Hopſon*, in the *Torbay*, cutting his Cables, and clapping on all his Sails, bore up upon the Boom laid acroſs the Streight, and broke through it at once; though it was made up of Maſts, Yards, Cables, Top-Chains, and Caſks, faſten'd together with Ropes, ſeveral Yards in Circumference, under-run with Hauzers and Cables, and kept ſteady by Anchors caſt on both Sides of it.

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The Numbers, ſwagging, on each Flank give way;
For Force muſt over-bearing Force obey.

Thus, mid-way the Canal (*l*), where Drudges ſlow [tow,
To (*m*) Isca's Port Ship, Barque, and Lighter
With maſſy Bars Wights of herculean Brood
Sluice-Fenders lift, to equalize the Flood;
O'er violent the eager Waters guſh
Through the ſmall Opes, and onward roaring puſh,
Daſh rapid on the ſtaky Banks, the Soil
And Pebbles thence expel, high-froathing boil,
And the whirl'd Pond with mad Conteſt imbroil.

But

(*l*) *Canal.*] There is a Paſſage cut for Ships to and from Topſham, vulgarly call'd the *Ha'en*, corruptly, or contractedly, for *Haven*. The particular Place here meant is what we properly enough call the *Double Lock*. The Deſcription of the Water's violently guſhing thro' the Sluice, &c. is preciſely natural and juſt.

(*m*) *Iſca's Port.*] The Kay of Exeter.

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But heark! That Bell which yells a ſwift Alarm
When (*n*) guilty Hearths inflame the Town [too warm,
Now, on the Guildhall's lofty Forehead ſwings,
And, quick, around its warnful Tinkle flings.
Its Jingles to more cloſe Attendance call
Attending Freemen in th' interiour Hall.

Up Stairs direct fair *Ceremony* leads
Sedate to Conſult the determin'd HEADS:
For wiſts Suſpicion, hank'ring near the Door,
The Conſult's but of Things reſolv'd before.

But not behoves it our mean MUSE to learn
State Myſteries of ſuch a high Concern.
Let her, content, a ſurer Track purſue,
And ſing but Matters level with her View.
And what though Tongues of Virulence may flirt
Their low Aſperſions of malignant Dirt,
Short

(*n*) When Chimneys are on fire, this Alarm Bell is rung; and the Inhabitant of that Houſe whoſe Chimney was in a Blaze, is to ſuffer a Fine.

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Short of the Reach are the foul Slanders ſhot,
Scorn'd and derided, nor at all beſpot.

So the firm Guildhall high erects its Head,
And, while Straw-Bonfires choaking Darkneſs ſpread,
Its briſk Serene's ſcarce ſully'd by the Cloud,
Nor dreads the Rage of widen'd Gutter's Flood,
Heedleſs ſees wizzing Squibs and Crackers fly,
And bids the Rocket's direr Bounce Defie.

But worſhipful laſt Year's Triumvirate,
The Leaſh who aid the PRÆTOR's Chair of State,
Share his Fatigues of Law, nor let, 'tis ſaid,
His Worſhip ev'n at Dinner want their Aid,
But help at taking Bowl as well as Bail,
At *ſtuffing Jerkins* as at ſtuffing Jail,
Call'd STEWARDS now, but *erſt* were BAILIFFS nam'd,
Ere *Catchpoles* had the honeſt Style defam'd)

In

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In ſable Robes, which on the Shoulders riſe
In ſolemn ſort, and ſhape the Aſpect wiſe,
Preſide at Board below, — or haply treat,
Their apt Ambition with the Judgment Seat.

With Warrants ſtamp'd on each officious Face
Staff-Officers, too, ſeize th' internal Place:
Thick as the Darts which mounts the Porcupine
Their Arms erect with gilded Glory ſhine.

Now Walnuts crackle 'tween the Grinder Jaws,
And buſily engage the peeling Claws;
While briſk the Glaſs, with whittling Sherris crown'd, [goes round;
Quips, Bams, and Bobs, and waggiſh Fraud,
Jokes which did ISCA pride in, when *'twas* Wit
To twirl the Hat, twitch Wig, or Knuckles hit;
To tickle with a Straw, or ſplaſh your Shin,
Diſtort the Face, twick Ear, or thruſt a Pin.

A

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A Monkey ſo by Mows and Friſks atteſts
Himſelf the Wit moſt parlous of the Beaſts.
But moſt of Wit claims he who greateſt Share
Of Nuts can ſcrabble, or of Bottle clear.

The chewing Bibbers ſtrike with envious Pain
The Routs behind, who ſuck their Lips in vain,
Unleſs ſome noting Friend-in-Court beſtow
A Bumper,—or for Kindneſs,—or for Show.

Mean while thoſe Courtiers, thus at Banquet, loud,
Keep Time ſymphonious with the outer Crowd,
Who, burning to the Strife, in Toil rejoice,
Profuſe of Sweat, and prodigal of Voice;
And as they more imbibe the hoſtile Jar,
They thirſt the more inſatiate of the War.
Leſs, and leſs furious, ſwells the mingled Roar,
When Winds and Billows ſtorm at once the Shore.

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For *Colour* chiefly the Diſputes abound,
And Rants for the momentous Beſt of Sound.
Some for the *Yellow* hoarſly yell, and ſome
Belch groſly *Blue!* -- unknowing both for *whom.*

¶ A Moment now again to roofleſs Air,
For more diſtinct Inſpection, MUSE! repair;
The baleful Fruits of rougher Strife explore,
Or young in Bud, or rotting-ripe at Core.

Around pay'd Eyes ſee fervent Riſings glow,
Of Caſt more various than the Show'ry-Bow;
And Teints of Or and Azure on the Cheeks,
The *Blue* and *Yellow*, ſtriving Hues, commix
A fady *Green*, which *Vert* learn'd Heralds call,
And Gules and Sables, *Red* and *Black*, withal.
See halting Legs ſore to the Senſe proclaim
Their Wrench by Wreſtlings, or by Spurns
their Maim.
See, ſqualid Patches on the bunch'd Brows tell
What Knuckles have bang'd up a motly Swell.

See

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See, clotty Stains, red, dribbled on the Clothes,
Mark Civil Blood ſhed by uncivil Foes,
Whoſe unbroke Buffet, or ill-warded Poach,
The Temples ſcarr'd, or ſet the Noſe abroach.

Survey that Tow'r of Fleſh with ſawcy Pride
Grieving yond' Pillar with his leaning Side,
As if an Ape of SAMPSON bent to move
The Frontier Columns from their Charge above.
What Name ſoe'r might his firſt Sponſors chuſe,
The licens'd Verſe ſhall that of CARNAGE uſe.
Reſerv'd of Voice, compact of Force, he ſtands,
Moroſe & glum, with croſs'd imboſom'd Hands.
His gloomy Looks affect a ſterner Air
Than HOGARTH's (o) hack'd grim Swordſman in the Fair,
And, glouting ſcornful, with Defiance watch
For ſome Mob-AJAX, ſole a worthy Match;
Nor own him yet; but with diſdainful Toes
He mean-time ſpurns approaching meaner Foes.

(o) See Southwark Fair by HOGARTH.

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So, as the Bull at Stake like grimly ſtands,
And lours a Challenge to the Shamble-Bands,
Stout duels all their brindled Maſtives round,
And caſts them, falling, to impreſs the Ground;
Though Three ally'd ſhot on he'd work to fling,
Beyond the Safeguard of the partial Ring;
Yet fanghleſs Whelps play'd yelping on he'd ſcorn
Should feel the Credit of his chaſt'ning Horn;
But, while aloft adult Dogs whirling fly,
He'd foot their deſpicable Puppies by.

Oh blind to Fate! thou too preſuming ſtrong!
The deſtin'd Match, amid the inner Throng,
Like arrogant, will ſoon the Liſts demand,
And meet thy Vaunting with Correction's Hand;
With wringing Gripe Left-hand on Throat ſhall fall,
And th' heavier Right thy quacking Boſom [maul.
Hence, hauking ropy Blood, lame, blind, and ſore,
Thy Morrow's Groans ſhall vapour'd Strength [deplore,
And

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And in thy wallow'd Bed be Solace vain
That thy Foe, welt'ring, moans an equal Pain,
Or that Time fitter may clear Stage allow,
And HERCULES leſs neuter to thy Vow: —
For anxious Dread ſhall rather plague thy Soul,
Leſt *Bindings-over* more thy Fiſts controul.

End of the Fourth Canto.

CANTO V.

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CANTO V.

WHether the haughty Deſpot of the (*a*) *Air*
In ſtormy Clouds ſtill holds imperial Chair,
Or in infernal Den awaits his Doom,
Reſerv'd in (*b*) Everlaſting Chains of Gloom,
Above our Soaring mounts, or too profound
Lies for the Plummet of our Gueſs to ſound.
To Clerks more vers'd in Lore abſtruſe we leave
Full Proofs on either Side—or both—to weave.
Too

(*a*) *The Air.*] According to EPHES. ii. 2. *The Prince of the Power of the Air, the Spirit that now worketh in the Children of Diſobedience.* See alſo Hiſtory of the Devil.

(*b*) *Everlaſting Chains,* &c.] According to JUDE, ver. 6. *The Angels which kept not their firſt Eſtate, but left their own Habitation, he hath reſerved in Everlaſting Chains under Darkneſs, unto the Judgment of the great Day.*— II. PETER ii. 4. *Caſt them down to Hell, and delivered into Chains of Darkneſs, to be reſerved unto Judgment.*

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Too well we know, though we too rarely mind,
His (*c*) *Angels* here too frank Reception find,
When whiſp'ring ſly Temptation to the Thought,
And twitching by the Paſſions to be naught.

(*d*) Not that, as in *Old-time*, now Midnight hears
Fiends roaring wake Folk to neglected Pray'rs.
No longer are their Feet ſpy'd *cloven* now,
Nor lampy Eyes more broad than *Saucers* glow.
No maudlin Bibbers, tho' they doubly view,
In (*e*) MARY-ARCHES-LANE, by Glance aſkew,
See Coffins op'ning, or White Shrouds to ſtalk,
Or Palls and Cloaks in black Proceſſion walk.
No flaſhing Coaches over BELHILL rove,
As if SALMONEUS mimic Thunder drove;
Though

(*c*) *Angels.*) Read MAT. xxv. 41. REV. xii. 7, 9. THES. iii. 5, &c.

(*d*) Note, The ſeveral terrible Things in this Part of the Poem detailed were really reported, nay and believed, to have been ſeen, felt, heard, and underſtood, in *Exeter*.

(*e*) This Lane is one of the moſt common Avenues to the common Burial-Yard, viz. ST. BARTHOLOMEW's.

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Though empty (*f*) Caſks, by Rakes from Grocer's Door,

Down tumbled rumbling, haply ſtartle more.

No *Headleſs-Horſe* neighs ſtrolling Wench to Bed,

Nor drives Boys, late out-ſtaying, home — *to* [*read.*

No Goblins ſluggiſh Sabbath-breaker rouſe

To hurry to the Church,— ſure Safety's Houſe.

A Burglar, loaden with new-plunder'd Pelf,

Eſpies no mortal Thing (*g*) worſe than himſelf.

The Waits may now, in (*h*) *blackeſt Month*, go through

Ev'n the *ſuſpicious* Cloſe of BARTHO'MEW,

Nor

(*f*) At the Head of Bellhill lately lived a Grocer, who too often left empty Hogſheads all Night at his Door, at but a narrow Paſſage.

(*g*) *Worſe, &c.*] Thoſe who, on hearing Tales of Walking Devils, &c. in Exeter, wou'd ſignify that they for their Parts never beheld any ſuch, uſe to expreſs themſelves thus: — *I thank God, I've gone all Hours of the Night, in many ſuſpicious Places, and yet never ſaw any Thing worſe than myſelf.*

(*h*) *Blackeſt Month.*) They have or had a Notion that in the *black Month* (as they call it when the Days are at the ſhorteſt) the Devils are the moſt privileged to roam about, and

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Nor by that Calvary hear diſmal Groan
But diſmal that from ſnuffling Courtal blown,
Nor (*i*) *Southgate*'s Porter now lets in a Miſs
At Night's dark Noon whom wou'd he fear to kiſs.

Ev'n in Church-Porches — (Antient Grandams told) —
In Winter Nights lewd Mormo's,—horrid bold!
By us Bullbeggars *hight*, were yelling heard,
And dev'liſh Rackets in the ſacred Yard.
Then (*k*) *Jack-in-Lantern* fooling would miſlead
Through Bog and Brake the Sot's benighted Tread

O Sprights

and play their deviliſh Tricks; whereby the ſerenading Waits, in their nightly Walks, us'd very particularly to be frighten'd, and to ſcamper off. Thoſe are call'd *ſuſpicious Places* where People had hang'd themſelves, died ſuddenly, *&c.* Churches, and Church-yards, and empty Houſes, uſe here to be call'd *ſuſpicious Places.*

(*i*) I remember it was reported, and believed, that, during the Porterſhip of Old Mr. NICHOLS at *S. Gate*, the Devil in Shape of a fine Gentlewoman us'd to give a ſingle Knock, juſt after Twelve o' Clock at Night, and was let in conſtantly by him.

(*k*) *Jack-in-Lantern*, the ſame as *Will-with-a-Wiſp*; the *ignis fatuus.*

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Sprights were as frequent in void Houſes then
As were in lonely Lanes grim (*l*) *Gagger-men*,
Then frighted Candles gave, by flaming blue,
The ſure Oſtent ſome Ghoſt's Approach to rue;
Down went the Cards, though Trumps, for *Satan's Books*,
And each beheld a Ghoſt—in t'other's Looks.
Then in the Streets dead Scavengers wou'd drive
As nat'ral Wheelbarrows as when alive.
In Meadows then, by Moonſhine, friſky Elves
In Circlets, handing, tripp'd to breathe themſelves;
And where their petty Toes went featly round,
More florid Paſture dignify'd the Ground:
To Nurſe *a-dream* then wou'd they ſtealing glide,
And ſoftly draw her Bantlin from her Side,

And

(*l*) *Gaggermen.*) So we uſed to call Plagiaries, Kidnappers, or Boy-ſtealers, from the *Gags* they are reported to clap in the Childrens Mouths whom they have ſpirited away.

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And in its ſtead ſlip a young Fairy Brat,
Thrice taller than themſelves, more groſs, and pat
As like as if Twin-Brother born to that.
Then PUCK — (or GOODFELLOW) — from Room to Room
Hurl'd Comb, Cowl, Shoe, Trowſers, Beads, Ladle, Broom;
And when wou'd fumbling Beldams Pitcher fill,
Joggling their wither'd Arms the Ale he'd ſpill;
Nay, oft' o'erturn the Chamber's needful Vaſe,
And with foul Deluge ill-perfume the Place;
Sometimes long Graſs o'er Paths in Knots he'd tie,
And upwards make DOLL Milkmaid's Trotters [fly.

But now they're baniſh'd quite, nor big as Eft
One to be laſh'd by (*m*) DEMOGORGON left.
Not OBERON returns; nor MAB his Queen
By CYNTHIA's and by COLLIN's Eyes is ſeen.

(*m*) *Demogorgon.*) See DRYDEN's Fable of *The Flower and the Leaf.*

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We not their Footſteps ſearch: But when we view
The Graſſy Ringlets ſhine of greener Hue,
Conclude we Compoſt, for Manuring brought,
With richer Juice the bord'ring Verdure wrought.
The Fiends which once did frightful Routings keep
In Porches, now turn out-ſhut Dogs aſleep.
Hence the old flaming Sprights prove Glow-worms now,
And Guttur Glympſes Whitens Heads we know.
Hence Death-watches, which often ſlew the Sick,
Are now found Inſects of a harmleſs Click.
Hence ſkitt'ring Rats are Rats, whoſe Squeaks not ſcare
With Fairy Talk the ſuckling Nurſe's Ear.
To Manhood hence EXONIAN Mothers bring
Ten Politicans ere one (*n*) *Chan-ge-ling*.

Hence

(*n*) *Changeling*.) Many vulgar People here in the Pronunciation of the Word make it conſiſt of Three Syllables, thus: *Chan-ge-ling*.

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Hence (*o*) MAURUS *native Wit* retains; and hence

Shrewd (*p*) MANLIUS preſerves his *Infant Senſe.*

Hence qualify'd is Boy-Trick B--GHAM *found*

To mate (*q*) *His Honour*, and diſcourſe his Hound.

Hence H-CK-R, manly wiſe, though maidly fair,

Hath ſav'd his *own*, with Senatorian Air,

To (*r*) *ſecond* each great Motion of the May'r.

If then, ev'n *Fairies* have reſign'd their Balls,

Aſſemblies, Rings, Maſks, Wakes, and Feſtivals,

Old ACHERON's *mere Dotards*, ſurely, wou'd

Bo-peeping, terrify us *to be good.*

What *Tempers* worthy of the Style wou'd gin

Our Hearts by Methods that *deter* from *Sin!*

No; the oft' bilk'd *Enticers*, grown more wiſe,

Now dreſs up *lovely* in chous'd Mortals Eyes,

And

(*o*) WILL. (*p*) JOHN. (*q*) *Honour.*] Sir H. *N---bc-te.*

(*r*) *Second.*] This finical and auguſt Chamber-man, on the Mayor's propoſing a Matter in Council, is prompt to be the firſt to back him, with his — *Mr. Mayor! I ſecond that Motion.*

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And lure with Calls inchanting as the Air
Of FARINELLI in a Theatre.
Hence, (though with Witch and Sorcerer by Act
Of Senate be cut off each *form'd* Compact)
They with *unwitting* Souls gain ſnug Abode
And, to miſguide us from the (*s*) Goſpel Road,
Attempt to perſonate Envoys of GOD.

Some they in *Punk*'s, or *Punch-bowl*'s, Shape engage,
In *Pelf*'s Form ſome, and ſome of *Equipage*.
Some with *High Poſt* and *Title* in they draw,
Some to make *Equity* unjuſt—by *Law*.
No few they urge in Aid of *Truth* to *lie*,
Some to take *Peeviſhneſs* for *Piety*.
They others tempt to make Election ſure
By formal Mein, ſtiff Neck, and Cheeks demure.
Thick-crowding Shoals into their Nets they take,
By Acts *immoral* for *Religion*'s ſake,

Who

(*s*) *Goſpel.*] The Etymon is *God's Spell*, or God's Word.

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Who *Charity*'s Defect o'er-pay with *Creeds*,
While *warpleſs Faith* attones for *crooked Deeds*.

Whole Caravans of wou'd-look Saints they win,
Who ſpare their own, and laſh their Neighbour's Sin;
Or ſtrive with Pray'r an evil Cauſe to prop,
And thank in Pew for fraudful Gain in Shop.
Some Profligates they trick by ſingle *Hoſte*
To keep from going down, when yielding up the Ghoſt:
Some to ken Heav'n for Reprobates fly ope,
Stow'd ſafe in hallow'd Soil with certain Hope.
Some they inſnare Miſ duty to purſue
By chriſt'ning one, and chouſing t'other (*t*) JEW.
Some they teach ſpiteful Kindneſs, who abate
To leſs than *Twopence* on the *Pauper*-Rate,
For Amputation of the Votes of ſuch
As poll'd for FORTY-MEN amiſs too much.

In

(*t*) *Jew.*] OTTOLENGHE and GABRIEL TREVES.

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In PORTUGAL, the Choler of the Prieſt
They to impriſon, rack, and burn, aſſiſt,
And play the Devil in the Name of Chriſt.

But they *inviſible* bear thus the Prize,
Or maſquerading in a ſpecious Guiſe;
Who would be ſhunn'd, were their Complexions *ſoot*,
[*Foot*,
Nor hid their *Tails*, *Claws*, *Horns*, and *Cloven*
Or from their Throats blue-flaming Belches broke,
And Noſtrils ſnorted a ſulphureous Smoke.

Yet, would we imp with pilfer'd Plumes our Wings,
Like ſome, to ſoar ſublime at *flighty Things*,
We, by *Imagination*, might repair
[Air,
Old *(u)* PANDEMONIUM, or build new in th'
And, ſummon'd, there, in helliſh Pomp convene
Wrath's fiery Demons, and thoſe Fiends of Spleen,
Which

(u) Pandemonium. See MILTON. Like as PANTHEON means a full Aſſembly of the Gods, ſo *Pandemonium* ſignifies that of all the Devils.

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Which factious SOLYMA in Siege ſo rued,
Self-ruin'd, by inteſtine Strife ſubdued:
Where (while in State ſit Demons of Command,
And thick around the Goblin Commons ſtand)
Might His grim Majeſty of Sin harangue,
As in *Miltonian* Mode, his Vaſſal Gang.
Then might a Poſſe of Hell's Rabble ply
Their ſmutty Wings, and to EXONIA fly;
And in the Blood of her ferocious Hoſts,
The Stygian Legions take their deſtin'd Poſts.

But as the MUSE in beaten Tracts to ſhine
Diſdains, ſhe wou'd *Machinery* decline,
Proud to have ſprung of no aſpiring Line.
Nor needs ſhe an *exotic* Rage aſcribe
To goad a born-and-bred-to Fury Tribe,
Whom if to line ſuch *helliſh Mobbers* ſtrove,
They might themſelves in *Belial Acts* improve.

Suffice it, then, to ſay, their Earthly Kin
Chafe as if did *a Legion* fume within:

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Their own ERYNNIS, to the MUSE confeſt,
More fires the Brain, more ſtimulates the Breaſt.
For we already have digreſs'd too long,
And ought reſume the interrupted Song.

MUSE! teach me Notes adapted to rehearſe
Striſe rais'd to Tempeſt in congruent Verſe!
And ſafely ſuch bold Hurricane to form,
Curb THOU its Fury, and control the Storm;
Yet whatſoever Pitch the Numbers fly,
Let ſmiling HUMOUR ſtill accompany.

Count it the Inſtant when NED's Face o'Fire
To five Hours Cooling leaves the heated Quire,
And, with a *Back-Lane* Cogue 'new-fuel'd, glows
Through EASTGATE, redder then an *Auſtr'an* [*Roſe*;
Then, turn'd from LONDON-INN tow'ds LIVERY-DOLE,
Makes PARIS-STREET to dread a flaming Coal,
That

Five Hours, &c.] That is between Prayer and Prayer Time, from Eleven till Four.

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That each poor Dweller, anxious, eyes his Thatch,
[hatch.
Leſt reaching Sparks *(z)* new Conflagrations

Mean-while Throat-Battle rages; Party Cant
Mingles its foul Antiphone of Rant:
The Babel Clamours, varying, around,
Thus plainly, with confus'd Diſtinction, ſound:
'*Blue!*--Yellow!-- Sound for HADDY!-- *Sound for* HEATH!
[*to Death!*
'*H-a-h! Sh--ſack!*—Sound for Yellow—*Blue*
'*The Church for ever!* — Down with PERKIN'S Crew!
[*for Blue!*
No Courtiers! — No Mock Patr'ots! — *Sound*
And not a Mouth but what, expanded large,
Does thrice a Threeſcore Times its Load diſcharge;
And *Rogue!* and *Dog!* and *Raſcal!* and *You lie!*
At ev'ry Turn aſſiſt the ſtriving Cry.

(z) New Conflagrations] Great Part of Paris-ſtreet having ſome Years ſince been on fire on both Sides the Way, and the Houſes being, nearly all, Thatched.

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Dreadful Ado! Ere claſh'd encounter'd Swords
To match ſuch combating Hodgepodge of Words?
Were in *Old* Chaos the like Garboils found,
Or Jargon Brunts of ſo embattled Sound?

Scarce more ſonorous in their turbid Cave
Heard MARO's MUSE contending Tempeſts rave.

Like waving Reeds, when Guſts in Auguſt vex,
Near lowmoſt Sluice, the oozy Fens of EXE,
The brabbling Multitude, amid their Cry,
Flag where o'erwhelm'd, and with the Tide comply.
If were an antick World of Franticks pent,
To dance the hay, in wild Vagary, bent,
Scarce could the reſtleſs Bedlams, winding, pace
Such tangled odd Viciſſitude of Place:
Nor were they chang'd in Brain to Wolves, they'd grin
To bark ſo harſh, ſo horrible, a Din.

'Tis

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'Tis Bliſs, they deem, diſtracting toſs'd, to rowl;
And fouleſt Pudder recreates their Soul.

So when rough ÆOLUS's bluſt'ring Train
To foamy Mountains blow the Fluid Plain,
Tumult'ous *(a) Fiſh-Hogs* tumbling Tricks perform,
Aid the Waves Uproar, and enjoy the Storm.

Scarce ever Sheriff's Subſtitute cou'd ſee
Such rampant Bick'rings ſhake our *Heavy-Tree*,
Where, with authoritative Pikes of Aſh,
Bailiffs the Head-defending Cudgels thraſh.
Ne'er did ſuch petulant Confuſion rage,
In Weſtgate-Quarter on *(b)* Whit-Monday's Stage;
Where bumping Thwacks and the Wail-raiſing Drub
With vaunted Glory Blockhead-Heroes dub,

Till

(a) The Porpoiſes, or Poreu-piſces.

(b) Every *Whit-Monday* there is in this Place erected a Stage for Cudgel-playing, &c. round about which, as well as on it, are uſually moſt terrible Doings.

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Till Pates, ſad Turn of War! in dripping Flood,
Aſham'd, give forth the honourable Blood.
Scarce feels our Clime more of Perdition full
At a *(c) Prætorian* Beating of the Bull,
When Their ſage Worſhips the Town-Pails allow
Colds, Fevers, Deaths, in chilling Streams, to [throw.

Elbows on Cheſts repay from Elbows Grief,
And ſtamp'd-on Feet by trampling ſeek Relief.
Eyes, by flapp'd Hat, with briny Rheum ſtruck blind,
By like Infliction try a Cure to find.
Bums butting ſtickle; Hips, and daſhing Knees,
And rubbing Ankles, ſore delighted, teaze.
Perukes,

(c) Prætorian Bull-baiting.] About Three Weeks after the Election of a new Mayor, a Bull uſes to be brought and baited before his Door: At which Time the moſt ſcandalous Abuſes are practiſed with Impunity, yea Applauſe, by ruffian Butchers, &c. throwing Water, dipt up from the very Kennel, &c. on all Perſons they can meet with, even in their own Houſes. The Leathern City-Buckets, prepared for extinguiſhing Fires, are lent to them from the very Guild-hall for the vile Purpoſe. Rare Doings at Bath! ----- [*The throwing of Water has been for ſome Years diſus'd.* 1770.]

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Perukes, now timely made the Pocket's Care,
Leave, after to throw Knock, ſhav'd Sconces bare.
Nor ſtays expos'd (what Place of Wig ſupplys)
The worſted Cap, diſtinct with curious Dyes,
Though (*c*) IRIS dipp'd the Woof not, clammy wet,
And ſhining with the Pate's hot Spring of Sweat.
From off the Neck's hawl'd Handkerchief, or Stock,
To ſave from Throttle by a coll'ring Shock.
The Shirt diſbutton'd ſpreads its Boſom wide,
Or Sham,—worn clean — no cleaneſt Shirt to hide;
Yet Gripes, ev'n where broad Shoulder-ſtays [defend,
Shall hideous Chaſms in ſtouteſt Dowlaſs rend.
Nor Veſt of Drugget moſt robuſt ſhall ſcape,
Nor Coat of Iron Kerſey, though with Cape
Enormous fortify'd, a ghaſtly Width to gape.

Woe

(*c*) *Iris.*) Alluding to MILTON's "Iris dipp'd the Woof."

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Woe were the Spot, where,-- chewing Cuds of Spite,
Fell Champions, met, renew'd the Knuckle-[Smite.
There GIBBONS, bulky BOLT, tough TANNER, FRY,
FOOT, HOOPER, ASHLEY, TWIGGS, might boxing die,
And cryſtal ISCA reek,— a ruby Flood!
And more than the (*d*) ADONIS run with Blood,
If ſworn Authority, alert at hand,
Staff interpoſe not, and the Peace *command!*
Yet, maugre all --- piqued Braves in fluſter'd State,
Prick'd jealous on by Luſt of Fame, or Hate,
And, prompted each by his fomenting Clan,
Strain brutal Force to prove the Better Man.

For

(*d*) *Adonis.*] A remarkable River, near *Byblos* in *Phœnicia*, at certain Seaſons, and on ſome Occaſions, appears as if bloody, ſuppos'd (ſays MILTON) with the Blood of THAMMUZ, yearly wounded. But the ſaid Phœnomenon was long ago declared to be occaſion'd by a kind of *Minium* or *Red Earth*, which the River brought away, when ſwell'd to unuſual Heights.

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For DAREMAN--(of more overweening Pride
Than (*e*) GATH's Huge Knight, who ISRA'L's Hoſt defy'd;
Than whoſe none of the pictur'd CÆSARS e'er
Such Jolt-Head did, or Eyes more ſtaring, bear;
Firm-ſet, and not of Stature high; full grim
His rough-hewn Aſpect; of ſtupendous Limb,
And Fleſh all callous)-- DAREMAN thus aloud
Provokes to Single-Loggerhead the Crowd:

'Produce a *Man*, ye Scolders of the *Blue*,
'If *Men* wou'd harbour with your beſtial Crew,
'With Me in *Manhood* Skill and Force to try,
'While ſtand both Armies join'd Spectators by!
'And learn ye all from the Event how far
'Ye may hereafter venture ſolid War:
'Bold though ye dare, by Females help'd and [Boys,
'To form Attack with Bluſterings and Noiſe:
'His Groans repentant ſhall ſoon cauſe to know,
'Tis ours to vanquiſh with effective Blow.'

(*e*) *Gath's Knight.*] GOLIAH of *Gath*, a Giant.

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He ſaid, clench'd hard his maſſy Fiſt, and ſtruck
Ten mighty Wherrets with one fighting Look.

Promiſc'ous Clamours differently riſe,
Some to explode, ſome to careſs and praiſe:
But "Sound for HADDY!" and ſcarce check'd Huzzahs!
So loud prevail from the proud *Yellows* Jaws,
That louring *Blues*, abaſh'd, a while keep in
Their *(f)* Stink-Word, and ſcarce dare a *Hah!* to grin.
But ſo not long: For murmur'd Talk around
The irritating Challenger reſound:
"Thus has the braving Bully done, thus ſpoke:
"What! no Man dare rebuke him with a Stroke?
"No Match within?—Fly, fly, and bruit afar
"Th' Affront among the doughtier Chiefs of War."
But FAME, induſtr'ous with her Trump, before
More fleetly the diffuſive Tidings bore,

And

(f) Viz. Sh-tſack.

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And (*g*) ATE, in LONG-PHILL's diſſembled Form,

In CARNAGE blew of burning Ire a Storm:

" Haſte, Thou Dependance of our grateful Hoſt,

" And teach the ſaucy *Yellows* how to boaſt:

" But DAREMAN, if unactive here thou ſtay,

" From thee conveys the uſeful Dread away.

" Break thund'ring in.—See! where the Braggard ſtands,

" And proudly brandiſhes provoking Hands,

" With Purpoſe thee of Glory to beguile,

" And brand thee with a Coward Lubber's " Style."

(*h*) SHE ſpoke, and clapp'd his Loins. Her coaxing Breath

Inſpires a Vow,—*Within an Inch of Death*

(*g*) ATE]. The Devil of a Goddeſs, viz. of Rage, Diſcord, Revenge, Havock, &c. — [*Now in* 1770. *I have really forgot the Bullies Names which Long-Phill and Carnage ſtood for.*]

(*h*) *She.*] That is, ATE in the Diſguiſe of LONG PHILL.

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To ſacrifice to Great Revenge, on Foes,
Whole Hecatombs of Boſom-baſting Blows.
At once a ſudden Clap of dreadful Roar
Burſts expeditious through the Archy Door;
For, compaſs'd with a Rout of Boutefeus,
A Rout of ruggedeſt deep-voiced Blues,
And ſtripping as he comes, the bulky Wight
Tow'rs, oſtentatious of his Shoulders Height,
The wiſh'd Occaſion ſeizing. Flam'd his Eyes
At once fight, conquer, triumph, tyranniſe.
SAMPSON is ſung (*i*) leſs confident in Wrath
Addreſs'd to pommel HARAPHA of GATH,

As when Two warring Ships crowd ſail to wage
A marine Duel, with proportion'd Rage,
Broadſides exchang'd their ſurly Greetings throw,
Ere grappled they their boarding Proweſs ſhow,
So theſe, reciprocal, their Vollies dire
Of Malediction, ere the Cloſure, fire,

And

(*i*) *Is ſung*, viz. In MILTON's *Sampſon Agoniſtes*.

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And with a belch'd-out miſſile Fury warm
Defiance to defy, and Arm meet Arm.
Where, where's the Scoundrel? eager CARNAGE cries.
[replies.
" Here, Raſcal, here, mov'd DAREMAN bold
I'll raſcal Thee, thou Dog! rejoin'd the firſt,
" Villain, come on," the laſt adds, and be curſt.
Choler no farther Parle allows; and Space
For Action made would longer Parle diſgrace.
But, ſhooting prone both with collected Might,
Their obvious Bulks commence ſubſtantial Fight:
Each Lefthand's Clutches tugging graſp a Foe,
And Righthands clos'd redouble Blow for Blow.

So when grim MULCIBER, for JOVE his Sire,
Laborious forg'd the forky Bolts of Fire,
Tenacious one the wizzing Steel did guide,
The ſtronger Arm the pond'rous Hammer ply'd.

The clubby Fiſts on Teeth & Trunk reſound,
And ſeem the Brawn with mortal Thumps to pound,
Cheſts

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Cheſts bruiſen jarr, the Ribs as ſhatter'd craſh,
And bleeding Jawbones clatter, every Daſh.
Each like *(k)* EPEUS aims deſtructive Pains,
And firm as an EURYOLUS ſuſtains.
Both as *(l)* ENTELLUS Bang with Bang requite,
And hard as DARES bear the falling Weight.
Head againſt Head their ſtunning Efforts knock,
Like Rams at Duel for the Female Flock;
Nor Arm will more Neck at Advantage ſpare
Than would a HOCKLEY's Maſtiff-hugging Bear.
But Legs in-lock'd Antagoniſt to throw
Oblige that hard Advantage to forego.
The Head retriev'd, loſt Moments to redeem
Of ſham'd Inaction, waſh'd by Noſe a-ſtream,
Leaps up elaſtic, and Repriſal draws
Of ſcurvy Blood leak'd from the looſen'd Jaws.

Surrounding

(k) EPEUS *and* EURYOLUS.] Names of Two ſtout Combatants at the Funeral Games for PATROCLUS in HOMER's Iliad. 23.

(l) ENTELLUS *and* DARES.] The Two Champions at the Games in honourary Memory of ANCHISES in VIRG. Æneid. 5.

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Surrounding Routs exclaim more Space to clear,
And wheel, a living Amphitheatre,
Whilſt ſome behind the circling Tumult ſpring
By Fits to overlook the buſtling Ring.
By Wagers ſome their Wiſhes would ſupport;
Some gnarr to fright, and Courage ſome exhort;
And partial Sidings to moleſt or aid,
Which multiply the Combat, are aſſay'd.

Soon ſpurting Noſtrils wou'd dye red the Floor
With Inundations, mixt, of factious Gore,
If ſtill remiſs of ſwagg'ring Duty lay
The Sons of (*m*) THEMIS of ſubaltern Sway;
Or niggard prov'd of Breath and ſwelter'd Greaſe,
In troublous Domineering for the Peace.
But ſoon their Highneſſes, whoſe huffie Liſt
Can, arbitrary, bid the World *aſſiſt*,
Allarm'd

(*m*) THEMIS]. The Goddeſs of Juſtice. Theſe her Underling Sons mean the Conſtables.

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Alarm'd at ſuch bold Neighbourhood of War;
With ſtretching Necks up ſtart within the Bar;
When thus *(n)* CYANUS, by officious Words
To fire his Troop to Action, Speech affords:—

" Compeers in Poſt! — Do thus our Palms
" retain
" Theſe dread Inſignia of our high Domain,
" Staffs of Controul, which legally fetch down
" All who not own in *Proxy US* the Crown?
" And in the Preſence, in Our very Court,
" Shall *Sb--ſacks* of Inſurgency make ſport?
" I ſay,— Before Us, *US*, whoſe awful Word
" MARS ought obey, and drop his lifted Sword,
" (MARS, *in the Garb of ſconcing Grenadier,*
" *Who'd (o) Tall rank'd with Tall* PRUSSIA
Guards appear)

" His

(*n*) GEORGE COMINGS. See before, page . The *Cyanus* properly is the Flower call'd the *blue Corn-bottle*, and which our Country-People name *Pretty-Johns*.

(*o*) The King of Pruſſia's Delight in very tall Men for his Body Guard is not unknown.—[*The late King, Father of the preſent, is meant.* 1770.]

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" His Sword, though for a captiv'd Trull
'ydrawn,
" Or to retake Habiliments from Pawn;
" Shall Slaves of Orange Badge, ſo het'rodox!
" With ours thus interchange pugnacious
Knocks;
" Nor WE, on whom dares riſe no *batt'ring*
Joint,
" Or ev'n a Finger rear *aſſaulting* Point,
" Fall in, chaſtizing, and Big-ton'd declare,
" With Magiſterial Viſage, WHO WE ARE?
" Go to, then; let our brandiſh'd Arms
maintain
" US not *ſelect* to bear thoſe Arms in vain."

He ſaid. His Mates of Dignity unite
To ſpring upon the *tuſtling* Crowd in Fight,
Together huddling, ſome from off the Bench,
Each with imperious Standard in his Clench,
And back by their arreſted Collars hawl
The Outer Orbits, as for baileſs Thrall;

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And with fierce Features, in a Thunder's Tone,
Cry, " Keep the Peace! WE repreſent the Throne.
Their dreadful Charge the inmoſt Circles hear,
Reſign the Battle, and to Paſſage clear:
For *JOVE* lends oft' to LAW terrific Grace,
And ſhakes his ÆGIS in a Rebel Face.

The Dueliſts (though Pride diſowns *Enough*,
Howe'er bray'd Jelly, of the martial Cuff)
Permit to break their pertinacious Fangs,
And *ſuffer* Shelter 'mid their friendly Gangs.

So (*p*) when the TROJANS, forward in the Strife
For claim'd PATROCLUS, ſpoil'd of Arms and [Life,
Heard, from the Rampart by PELIDES trod,
Tremendous as of ſome deſtroying God,
His ireful Call, the Valiant felt Diſmay,
And even PRIAM's braveſt Sons gave way.

Our

(*p*) *When the Trojans.*) See HOM. Il. lib. 18.

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Our ſever'd Heroes, ſmear'd with Muck and Gore,
Baulk'd Anger ſolace with Revenge in Store;
And, lugg'd indignant each a diverſe Way,—
Drink,--hauk,--drink,--ſwear,--drink,--brag a *future Fray*;
From the ſwoln Face half wipe the bloody Dirt,
And Breeches repoſſeſs with Tails of Shirt.

Diſaſters ſad one guilty Wretch betide,
Who dar'd, un-franchis'd, join the Yellow Side,
And, that he might the baſting Fiſts eſchew
Of an 'oer-matching and revengeful Blue,
Had from the ope Piazza of the Hall
Slunk in, where to repeat illegal Bawl:
For, there detected ſoon, he's claſp'd by Throat,
And charg'd with lawleſs bold Intent to *vote*;
And, with his Shirt, Skin, Hair, & Jerkin ragg'd,
Is to (*q*) the temporary *Baſtille* dragg'd.

(*q*) *Temporary Baſtille.*) What is call'd the *Back-Gate*, to which the Conſtables arbitrarily, of their own Authority, commit, by Night, or for a while.

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Somewhat the like;—(be (*r*) DOLESH Strand
the Place)—
When glutton Porpoiſe ſcares the Pilchard Race;
The watchful Fiſhermen their Meſhes ſpread,
And ſtrike the Shole with unexpected Dread,
Hauling the Scaly Refugees to Land,
With Flutter vain to beat th' inthralling Sand.

Slim'd o'er with Sweat now Cluſters juſtling
ſqueeze
To gaſp Refreſhment in unpriſon'd Breeze;
Though as ſome iſſue forth, ſome ſtill arrive,
Like Bees at Labour to and from the Hive.
Some to the (*s*) *Tuns*, and ſome to Inn reſort
Where hangs the whiſker'd (*t*) Soldan of the
PORT;

Some

(*r*) *Doleſh.*) A little Fiſhing Town, 2 Miles from Teignmouth, 10 from *Exeter*, famous for fine Pilchards taken there.

(*s*) *Tuns.*) The Three Tuns Inn, adjoining the Guildhall.

(*t*) *Soldan.*) The Turk's Head Inn, on t'other Side the Hall.

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Some where, in flaming Spice, with golden Wings,
The *(u)* Lonely Bird of ſweet ARABIA ſwings;
Thence to repair the Laſſitude of Lung,
Throat clarify, and glibber oil the Tongue.

When vengeful GREEKS, as HOMER's Strains atteſt,
Did ſtiff-will'd PHRYGIANS and old TROY [inveſt,
Made Deities —(poetic Fleſh and Blood)—
Each Side aſſiſting, to the Combat ſtood.
(x) So now, diſguis'd in *liquid Shape*, they (ſome)
To the invoking Bands auxiliar come.
(y) CERES,--moſt potent in her bearded Grains,--
With *(z)* TETHYS join'd, whom *(a)* VULCAN's Aid ſuſtains,
CERES,

(u) Lonely Bird.) The *Phœnix* Inn. This fabulous Bird, as pictured in the Sign at the Door, is diſplay'd in Gold, burning in Spices, &c.

(x, y, z, a, b, c.) So now, diſguis'd, &c.) Here is ventur'd an Allegory, by which under the Perſons or Names of *Ceres*, *Tethys*, and *Vulcan*, is ſignify'd *Ale*; the firſt put for *Barley* or *Malt*, the ſecond for *Water*, and the laſt for *Fire*; the Two latter being abſolutely neceſſary for making *Barley* into

* CERES, the Solace and Support of Life,
Invigorates with ſtronger Voice the Strife;
DEVON's (*b*) POMONA helps the Verbal Broil,
Or cooper'd (*c*) BACCHUS haps to reinforce the Coil.

Now Entries flow hot with a Urine Sea;
And rattling Walls think Water-Engins play,
From whoſe ſtain'd Corners divers froathy Rills
Shape Courſe in reeking Conflux o'er the Hills;
In ſuch quick Torrents the rank Streams combine,
That EXE grows warm and brackiſh with the [Brine.
And if well-ſtation'd Millmen frugal were,
They their embarrel'd Stock of *Seg* might ſpare.
Eels haply think the Tide does downward drive,
And ſeaſon'd Trouts fear pickling while alive;
Seiz'd

into *Malt*, as well as for brewing afterwards. So *Pomona* is put for *Cyder*, and *Bacchus* for *Wine*.

(*) *Ceres*] The Goddeſs of Corn and Tillage. She is by a *Metonymy* us'd frequently in Poetry for Wheat, Barley, Bread, &c.

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Seiz'd with Vertigo may the fuddled Dace
Be ſeen to ramble on the River's Face;
Not with intoxicating Berries dos'd,
But ſtronger Fumes ſwift from the P--fing-Poſt.

Libation made to DISCORD, and renew'd
Spent Vigour,—they again, at Hall, intrude
With rallied Hubbub, and reſtore the Feud.
As fiery Bulldogs, when their Shamble-Lords
Slip from their urgent Necks reſtraining Cords,
Whoſe well-prov'd Holders drip a foamy Gore,
Spring furious at the Bull, tho' tam'd before,---
So fiercely eager the chear'd Party bound,
Ope-mouth'd, more inſtant for the Conq'ring [*moiſten'd* Foe:
Sound.
Juſt Dread ſtrikes Silence through th' *Un-*
The roaring *Half-drunk* with new Valour glow.
Diſhearted thoſe ſhrink to the Left and Right;
Theſe, glory'ng, in the Centre brave the Fight.

Yet Courage ſoon reanimates the Fray,
For timely Aid huzzahs not far away,

Then

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Then breaks all-hideous on the vauntful Crew,
And for the Conqueſt warms the vanquiſh'd few.
Leſs Rage the MYRMIDONS, on ILION's Plain,
To ſave the Navy, and avenge the Slain,
Urg'd—than impels the Succours to the Brawl:
Nor flinch the Hardy of the adverſe Squawl.
Not with ſuperior Fury is purſued
A Dog in Paſſage near a feather'd Brood,
When with up-briſtled Plumes, and Quills a-ſpread,
The ſcolding Hen, ope-bill'd, aſſerts the Shed,
Than what tranſports th' Aſſailants to the Charge:
Nor, grinning ſurly, with Jaws open large,
The Growler on the plumed Heroin turns
Like Ire as which each grim Defendant burns.
Dire the reviv'd Conteſt: The equal Routs
Pelmell aim Havock with contending Shouts.
Shoves repel Shoves, Breaſt-Bulkings meet Rebuff;
But woe the Shins not tann'd to Kicking-proof!

Yet

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Yet what *terrene* ſhall firm exiſt *for ay?*
Lungs tho' of Braſs were ſubject to Decay:
Snorts of gigantic Noſtrils muſt, *at length,*
Own, in ſhort Pantings, a Decline of Strength.
Too long, too high, the human Organs ſprain'd
Crack, — as in th' Adage Bow too much conſtrain'd.
But though, *at length,* maim'd Voices barely croak,
And ev'n craz'd Murmurs ſtrangling Coughs provoke,
Yet fault'ring Grumbles mutter harſh the Cry,
And widen'd Mouths mutely a Roar imply:
Reſolv'd, in *laſt Reſort,* to win Regard,
Like Cocks, and Villains hang'd, by *dying hard.*

So, at old CHEVY,— (*an old Bardling tells;*
Though ſmil'd at by our modern Infidels)—
When lopping Sword, by nether Chop, has won
The Pedeſtals of ſtrenuous WITHRINGTON,
Though Loſs of Blood his lower Stroke impairs,
On Stumps,—*the beſt he may,*—he Faulchion rears,
And, to laſt Gaſp, deſcending Backſword dares.

End of the Fifth Canto.

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CANTO VI.

THE Vocal Ammunition ſpent, *within*,
A while, ſurbated, flinch'd the Rage of Din;
And but thin Parties, mazy, here and there,
Without, light ſkirmiſhing with *Habs!* pickeer:
Tho' *Quill*'s deny'd, yet *bought* Refection drains
Parch'd Legions, panting, from the hot Campaigns;
And though mixt Numbers ſtand oppos'd their Ground,
Battle, ſtruck hoarſe, ſtrives but with Lours to wound;
Or, ſolitary, a rare random Cry,
Feebly aſſay'd, pops diſregarded by.

But renovated *Coil* not long allows
A mute Engagement of but hoſtile Brows;
For Hoſtels divers, near adjacent, yield
Late Invalids, recover'd, to the Field;
With

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With Eſſence arm'd of quick-reſtoring Mault,
More ſtimulated to re-join Aſſault,
And,--like fell Hounds from 'Fault reclaim'd,--
more ſtrong
To *open*, as they rudely puſh along.

Now, rallying the ſcatter'd Routs of *Blue*,
Full by the Sconſe ſuperior to the View,
Ample his hairy Cheſt, VENTOSO ſtands,
A ſtern Coloſs, and waves his horny Hands,
Demanding momentary Pauſe; and,—large
Expanding Jaws,—reſuſcitates the Charge:
Ardor full-ſcarlet kindles in his Face,
Which, like a Comet, ſhoots a threat'ning Blaze;
And thus, with well-ale'd Voice, prepar'd to
twang
Raſh Defamation, — belches hoarſe Harangue:

" How! Yield the Day? Oh Shame! oh
new Diſgrace! [Race?
" WE, -- WE -- the Day, -- and to the Canter
" Who aim ſchiſmatically to trapan
" Our *Catechiſe* with their *Chief-End-o-Man*:

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" A ſqueamiſh Crew, who'll tremble if We *ſwear*;

" But—in *Damn'd-Lying* take a tenfold Share:

" The Calf's-Head-feaſted Villains, who deride

" Our *Curſe* as *cauſeleſs* on the Martyr's Tide:

" Who wou'd again our Church to *Stable* turn,

" And *juſt-made* Surplices to Tinder burn,

" As but *old* Smocks of BABYLON's old Whore;

" Beat down the *Teſt*, and climb again to [Pow'r;

" Who at our nodding Creſts of Oak-boughs ſneer,

" And white Roſe from our very Boſoms tear:

" What! ſhall We, daſtardiz'd to Silence, ſeem

" To give the Victory of Voice to them?

" Again that malapert Sleeve-laughing Crew

" In Mourning hang our (*a*) MAUD'LEN daub'd with Blue?

" Which,

(*a*) *Maudlen*, &c.) *Maudlen*, or properly *Magdalen*, Gallows, the Execution Tree for High Treaſon, Felonies, &c. committed within the County or City of *Exeter*. Divers ſuper-eminent Perſonages of the *Blue* Army (among whom a Blindman was one) having had the Whim to paint their

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" Which,--blaſt their *Peepers!*--might urge to deſtroy

" In Flames of black *November*'s Fifth their Joy;

" And from ſack'd Conventicles, — but — for Law! —

[*(b)* BAXTER draw!

" Pews, Canting-Tubs, and Books of

" I ſay, my Bloods! ſhall of th' *Old Rump* the Seed

[recede?

" Think we will *ere* from Cuſtom's Right

" No: Sooner let the guilty *(c)* Sun be gay

" Upon the Royal Martyr's ſacred Day!

" No, my brave Bullies, with rough Shocks of Breath

" Firſt tempeſt their fanatic Souls to death:

" Your

their Houſes, ſignificantly, of that Colour, to ſhew their Extravagance of Zeal;—it happened that, on their loſing an Election, ſome concealed Wags of the contrary Party daub'd this Gallows partly of that Colour, and withal hung ragged *black* Crape upon it, for Mourning.

(b) Baxter's Books.) James's Meeting-Houſe is, or I well know was, furniſhed with BAXTER's Works, in ſeveral Volumes, Folio.

(c) Sun be gay.) I have heard it confidently averr'd in EXETER, that the Sun never ſhines clear on the 30th of January. But they err'd egregiouſly, eſpecially while the *Old Style* continued among us.

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" Your Bellows of diſtended Lungs prepare
" To blaſt the Pimps with ruthfulleſt Deſpair:
" Enforce your Sinews; cloſe in firm Array;
" And plunge, o'er-turning, in the Depth of Fray."

He ſpoke; and, ending, thrice with wilful Fiſt
Beat up new-levy'd Anger to aſſiſt.
Th' Imperial Beaſt with Tail's Rib-laſhing Strokes
His Choler thus to boiling Height provokes.

The *Azure Forces* huddling cloſe around,
Feel the Oration's Charm, and club a Sound;
A Sound? —Not (*d*) MARS ſo loudly *roaring* ſtood,
When DIOMED had drawn his rabid Blood:
In Vollies rais'd, loud, louder, and more loud,
Tempeſt'ous Onſets vex th' invaded Crowd.
The Orbs of Sight with flaſhing Outrage burn,
While Buſtlings work Confuſion's dire Return.

But —

(*d*) *Mars*, &c.) See HOM. Il. lib. v.

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But-- ſtorms the Onſet unrepell'd? Oh! can
Stand paſſive the inſulted *Yellow Clan?* —
As ſoon could friſky Dancing-Maſters be
Of ſolid Head, and fit from Fidging free.
As ſoon could Smiths their Trough's black Puddle *ſwig*,
And Tuckers fuddle on their ſlimy *Sig*.
As ſoon Shoemakers, in a Shilling rich,
Could in a Garret on a Monday ſtitch.
As ſoon could *(e)* CLACK, who all Things knows and more,
Whoſe Lip with Arts and Eloquence runs o'er,
His Tongue's perpetual Motion ſtop, and hear
His Mug-Mates take of Talk ſome little Share.
No:—Wroth BENANAK, bulky, tall, in Word
And Act robuſt, with dauntleſs *Stingo* ſpurr'd,
A forward Chief, of envy'd Fame among
The high-fam'd Mighty of the *Saffron'd Throng*,
Mouths thus,—by Stretch of eager Tone to fire
His touchy Cohorts with intenſer Ire:—
" League

(e) CLACK.) There's a numerous Race of thoſe *Clacks*. I inſtance them in the general Family.

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" League of the *Orange* hear! Brave *Yellow-Boys,*
" Whoſe *Hue* the Sov'reign Mettal [enjoys, GOLD
" And *Guineas* boaſt the *(f) Name:* Shall beſtial Force
" Of (*g*) Hogſty Savages uncheck'd ha' Courſe;
" Who're rather like foul Swine themſelves ſo much,
" Scarce naſt'eſt JEW (*h*) the filthy Herd would [touch!
" Shall Miſcr'ants, bred in Greaſe, Blood, Draff, and Dung,
" Like Vixen Scolds brave *Men* to Tilt of [Tongue?
" Shall

(f) Name.) Viz. of *Yellow-Boys.*

(*g*) *Hogſty Savages*, &c.] The Hog-ſerving Slaves of the Shambles. ☞ *N. B.* 'A Hog was heretofore hieroglyphically pictured to expreſs an Enemy to Good Manners, 'and a prophane Perſon. For the Eaſtern Nations did ſo 'hate a Hog for his filthy Diſpoſition, that it was a Crime 'for ſome of their Prieſts to *touch* it.' We make our BEN-ANAK (or Son of ANAK) exclaim principally againſt thoſe Enemies to Good-Manners, ſeeing many of them are ---[i. e. *about the Time of writing were*]--- the Ringleaders, Strength, and Pride of the Party.

(*h*) *Filthy Herd.*) Our Journeymen Butchers are ---[i. e. *they at the Date of the Poem were*]--- probably, in the general, the moſt beaſtly filthy Fellows, of the Profeſſion, in the Univerſe. Scavengers and Ridders of Bog-Pits appear not ſo nauſeous. [*How they are now, 1770. I know not.*]

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" Shall ſuch as from wild BOGLAND's (*i*) Rap-
parees
" Denomination take,—as beſt agrees,—
" Whoſe ugly *Hawing* to our Teeth denotes
" Their Prologue to th' old Play of *Cutting*
Throats;
[of ROME;
" Shall ſuch mere Mongrels, the Half-ſpawn
" Againſt *Whole Proteſtants* reſiſtleſs come?
" Shall Caitiffs whoop, as 'twere for Rebel War,
" Like Varlet Clans led on by Traytor MAR?
" No, Liegemen, no:—The *Perkinites* ſhall
know
[more ſlow.
" Our Strength keeps firmer, as it moves
" Old Prophecies, I've heard, in Terms de-
clare,
[Hair.
" The TURK ſhall fall by Men of (*k*) *Yellow*
" And ſhan't our chriſtian *Yellow* Knots ſubdue
" The more than heatheniſh Cockades of *Blue?*

T " They

(*i*) *Rapparees.*) A Tory or a Rapparee originally means the ſame Perſon.

(*k*) *Yellow Hair.*) See BAYLE's Dict. Art. MAHOMET, Note [99].

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" They ſhall: I ſee how they inglorious droop
" Ev'n on the Cockſcombs of their *(l)* Liv'ry Troop;
" They ſhall:—I ſee already how they hang
" Lithe on the Numſkulls of the beggar'd Gang,
" As if from that Old tawdry *(m)* Veſture torn
" By Madam BLOWZA's foggy Buttocks worn,
" Which, thriftleſs, ſhe converted late to Shreds
" (Our Ridicule!) to deck their ſtupid Heads.
" And though in later *Cloaks* ſome Grander Wights [Sights,
" Appear *(n)* Town-Whifflers to our diſtant

" *Them*

(*l*) *Livery-Troop.*) The Attendants on the Honourable High-Sheriff at the Aſſizes 1737 or 1738, wore *Blue Cockades*, in profeſs'd Token of that Gentleman's being of the *Blue Party*. [*Many have followed the Example ſince*, 1770.]

(m) Veſture torn, &c. On a certain former Election, a particular very fat Madam (whoſe Huſband broke ſoon after, paying about 000 *Nichils* in the Pound) tore up her Blue Silk Gown to make Cockades therewith, all the blue or purple Ribbon in theſe Parts being already uſed, and inſufficient.

(n) The City Waits, See before, Canto 3. Note, ſeveral Dons of the Party have ---[i. e. *Had then*]--- lately, by Agreement and in Concert, made themſelves blue Cloaks: And three or four of them appearing in a Knot together have been at a Diſtance verily miſtaken for *the Waits*.

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" *Them* future Days with Black ſo ſtain'd ſhall ſee
" They'd, mournful, ſerve in Death's dark Pageantry.
" Strut they diſtinct the while ;---till, ſham'd, they view
" Not *Blindmens Huts* alone affect their Hue,
" But (*o*) Coblers petty Shops, in mimic Pride,
" That mocks unwittingly, like vainly dy'd.
" But let not Talk from Action you withold:
" Prove right Your Selves, or than Yourſelves more bold :
" Engroſs the Winds, and, with an Army's [Shout,
" Blow huſh the Vap'rings of the lawleſs Rout ;
" A Shout ſo mortifying, it may quell
" Their Hope, fond Wiſh, and Longing to rebel.
" Strain hard your Frame, and with Elboic Thruſt,
" Bear down the ſaucy Headlongs to the Duſt.

(*o*) *Cobler's*, &c.) A Cobler's Shop ſituate near *St. Olave's* Church. The Warden of that Pariſh, in his over-boiling Love to the Blue Party, painted the ſame of a very deep Blue, Windows, Stall, and all.

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" Though—(as the Actor in the loyal Play
" Call'd CATO, in our Play-Houſe, us'd to ſay)
" Though Mortals may not full Succeſs inſure,
" Let us deſerve it, and do nobly more."

He ends. (*p*) CAMILLUS, for Triumphal Grace,
Like the Gods Statues with vermilion'd Face,
Did ſcarce in Cheeks ſuch bloody Luſtre ſhow,
As that wherewith his fiery Features glow.
He ends. The hardy Bands of (*q*) *Buff* atteſt
Their Potence with prevailing Voice the beſt,
Whoſe ev'ry Throat with (*r*) JUNO's ſeems to vie
In STENTOR's Form, as puſh'd her ARGIVES fly;

Or

(*p*) *Camillus.*] CAMILLUS, the Roman Dictator, in his Triumph for taking the VEII, enter'd ROME in a Chariot drawn by Four milk-white Horſes, with his Face colour'd with Vermilion. But ſuch Horſes ſince the Expulſion of the TARQUINS had not been allow'd but to JUPITER and APOLLO: And the Statues of the Gods were wonted to be painted with Vermilion.

(*q*) *Buff.*] That formerly was the Term of Diſtinction aſſumed by the then low Party, *Sound* and *Buff* being the different *Shibboleths* then, as *Blue* and *Yellow* now are.

(*r*) *Juno*, &c.) Vid. HOM. Il. lib. 5.

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Or (*s*) THUNDERSON's, reviv'd TERTULLUS, when
His Rattle ſeeks to lead our Leading Men.
More eager than the Sting of burning Thirſt,
And rapid as ere *July* Thunders burſt,
Right gallant as liſt BRITAIN's nettled Sons
To ſwinge th' inſulting, proud, predacious DONS,
They penetrate th' inimic Preſs, and ply
Leaps, Reels, Stamps, Puſhes, to ſupport the Day.

The Hall again takes through rubb'd Gate-way in
Stir, Freak, Rant, Hurlyburly, ſtunning Din,
That, as with colic Throes convuls'd, the Hall
Groans hideous, twing'd with the inteſtine Bawl.
Scarce rack'd VESUVIUS quakes endanger'd ſo,
When heard internal Storms of Fire to blow.

In

(*s*) *Thunderſon.*] If there be no noiſy, mobbiſh, hot *Son of Thunder*, &c. who thus by the Noſe ſeeks to lead our Leaders, let him be ſuppos'd only a Son of mere *Poetic Fancy*.

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In gen'ral Tumult fumes the Conflict :--Wide,
Yet firmly denſe, the Swarms of either Side
With fierce Variety of Combat ſtrive
Through either Hoſt Diſcomfiture to drive.

A Thouſand Feats, well worth an EX'TER's Praiſe,
[Lays :
And thrice three Thouſand Clamours claim our
But each Exploit would, but half told, prolong
In Folio Tomes,—defective yet,—the Song.
Wrath thro' the Whole in Conflagration ſpreads,
And agoniſing Spite Infection ſheds;
As mortal Bites of Dogs inſane inſtil
Like Fury, and a catching Luſt to kill.
Each Individual chafes in Look to grow
A *Phalanx* fit to ſtem th' unnumber'd Foe;
As in each Arm, or Mouth, Deciſion lay
Of Struggle ſole to terminate the Fray;
Or each impuls'd with more than *Roman* Zeal
Durſt die (*t*) *devoted* for his Party's Weal,
And

(*t*) *Devoted.*] The old ROMANS entertain'd an enthuſiaſtic

And, bold as CURTIUS in his brave Career,
Leap'd in the Gulph, could plunge in Seas——
—— of *Beer*.

But doubtful ſtill to which the Day will fall:
No *(u)* Ballance JOVE ſuſpends to weigh the Bawl.
Nor Thee, ASTRÆA! with thy Scales of Gold,
Eyes, dim or jaundic'd, in the *Hall* behold.
Thy Bench in Heav'n by Faith they view, and deem
The Scale of HADDY's Foes ſhall *(x) kick the Beam.*
But

aſtic Notion that in Caſes of extreme Danger from their Enemies in Battle, &c. &c. if a worthy Perſon among them ſolemnly *devoted* himſelf to Perdition, and ruſh'd on certain Death amid the Enemy, he thereby wrought Salvation for his Countrymen, &c. Many madly thus deſtroy'd themſelves.—The Earth opening once in the Forum, the Augurs declar'd it could never be fill'd up till the Thing in which conſiſted the Strength of the State was caſt into it, whereupon M. CURTIUS, aſking whether it conſiſted in any Thing more than Arms and Courage, arm'd himſelf Cap-a-pee, and mounting a ſtately Horſe, *devoted* himſelf accordingly, and rode directly into the Gulph.

(u) Ballance.] Vid. HOM. Il. lib. xxii. & VIRG. Æn. lib. xii.

(x) Kick the Beam.] See MILT. Par. loſt, Book iv. ver. 100.

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But what of that? Too oft' we ſighing know
Thy Scales *Above* affect not Scales *Below*.

¶ HOMER and MARO, with their Gods of Old,
To ſerve the Purpoſes of Verſe, were bold;
And THEM brought down, in Vehicles of Air,
With Mortals in ungodly Strife to ſhare.
Good MILTON, haply, made a ſpice too free
Both with the DEVIL and —— THE DEITY.
Monaſtic Bards th' old Painim Gods forſake;
But (*y*) GODS *as 'twere* of ſainted Deadmen make.
Theſe Volunteers ere beats a Drum engage
'Gainſt Infidels a Cruſade War to wage,
And fight Heav'n's Battle with infernal Rage.
To Purpoſe more approv'd might haply We
(If bent to tamper with *Machinery*)
Convene

(*y*) *Gods as 'twere.*] To aſcribe the Attributes of GOD to a *Creature* ſeems really to *deify* that Creature. Such as in any Place, and perhaps in a great many Places, pray to a *Man*, though call'd a *Saint*, muſt imagine him differently *preſent*, and to *hear* Invokers in *many*, perhaps all, Places.

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Convene a Chapter of thoſe Saints who bear
O'er *Trades* and *Traders* tutelary Care,
Who, kenning thus our Garboils rage ſo large,
Such Havock faſt'ning on their divers Charge,
Might in the Clouds aſſemble, and their Heads
(Surrounding which a Blaze of *Glory* ſpreads)
In Council join how War awhile might ceaſe,
And made be Ten Months Interval of Peace.

(z) St. BLAISE, who — (if Monks neither
fib nor doat) —
Invok'd, whip! preſto! heals a (z) *ſquinzy'd*
Throat,
Though with his Fleſh in bleeding Tatters
rent,
Might come th' endanger'd *Combers* Preſident.

V To

(z) St. *Blaiſe*, &c.] The *Legend* aſſures, that Perſons, having a *ſore Throat*, who pray to St. BLAISE for Help, are ſtrangely cur'd.---*Wool-combers* look upon him as the Author and Inventor of their Art and Trade, and repreſent and picture him as their Patron, with a Wool-comb in his Hand. The Suppoſal might poſſibly be founded on his having (as 'tis pretended) his Fleſh torn by ſuch-like Inſtrument as a Comb.

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To ſave her *Coopers* from a mortal Quarrel
Might interpoſe St. MARY of the (*b*) BARREL.
To juſt St. JOSEPH ought our MUSE refer
The tugging *Joiner* and the *Carpenter*.
Bricklayers ſhould St. GREGORY obtain;
The Grace of St. ELOI ſhou'd *Goldſmiths* gain.
St. ANN ſhould *Grooms* aſſiſt, though none invoke;
Ev'n *Butchers* claim St. MARY OF THE OAK;
St. JAMES to *Hatters* might his Goodneſs grant.
Upholſters, ſav'd from Fall, might praiſe VENANT.
St. LE'NARD ſhou'd no *Stone-cutter* forſake,
Nor MARY OF LORETTO thoſe who *Bake*.
For *Taylors* the beheaded Saint had ſtood
Who duck'd Repentants in Old JORDAN's Flood.
St. CRISPIN might his *Gentlecraft* relieve:
St. EUSTACE Aid to *Innholders* ſhou'd give:
The Flea'd Apoſtle with his Knife might ſide
The broil'd St. LAURENCE Safety to provide
For *Curriers* and tough *Tanners* of the Hide;

The

(*a*) *Barrel.*] Sta. Maria de *Copella*; *Copella* ſignifying in *Engliſh A Barrel.*

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The laſt-nam'd Saint might in like Wardſhip hug
Thoſe who *apply* or *vend* th' aperient *Drug:*
Nor leave of Aid the *Woollen drapers* bare,
Nor who at Wholeſale deal in Staple Ware.
The ſwarthy Artiſts ſweating at the *Forge*
Should draw, unaſking, to their Help St. GEORGE:
Carmen St. VINCENT have a Guardian Saint;
SAVIOR keep *Sadlers* ſafe; LUKE thoſe who *paint.*
Nay (*b*) JOB perhap for *ſome* had preſent been
Who've done lewd Worſhip to the (*c*) *Cyprean* Queen;
Since divers might, on *Scrutiny*, be found
With aking Bones who hoarſly ſnuffle *Sound!*

Theſe, and the reſt, whom canonizing ROME
Appoints o'er *Craftſmen* might in Viſion come

(*b*) *Job.*] JOB has the Honour of being eſteem'd the Patron of ſuch as have the Venereal Malady.

(*c*) *Cyprean Queen.*] VENUS, lewdly worſhipp'd, in Old Time, in the Iſland of CYPRUS.

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To Synod in the Sky;—and—(ſince ſo jar
Joiners with *Joiners*, *Smiths* on *Smiths* ſo war,
Bakers at *Bakers* drive; *Wool-Combers* ſpight
Their Fellows; *Coopers* one another fight;
That equal Perils from the mingled Rage
Abide the Objects of their Patronage)——
Reſolve with one Accord to interpoſe,
And by an *honeſt Wile* diſhoneſt Diſcord cloſe;
That ſalutary Wile then in the Brain
Of ſome ſage FATHER, ſtudious of the Main,
Suggeſted might, through Vehicle of *White*,
(Invention's *Whet!*) or *Coffee* Steam alight.
Hence INDIGO, to counſel quick, nor ſlow
Of Reſolution, nor in Action low,
Stout as TYDIDES, yet as NESTOR wiſe,
Might,—thus inſpir'd,—in cloſe Cabal ariſe,
And, confident of Trick-availing Skill,
His Fluency of Tongue thus ſweetly trill:

" Copartners in the Cauſe, whoſe Blazonry
" The Heav'ns affect, as it adorns the Sky:

" Though

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" Though would Occaſion bid aſſert the *Fray*,
" And with *Mob Proweſs* vindicate the Day,
" Yet paſt Events warn to beware the Courſe
" Of Butcher Fury and of Porter Force.
" The Foe *of late*—(Beſhrew the Change!)—
have quell'd [pell'd;
" Our hardeſt Fiſts, and Bar'g with Bruiſe re-
" And where a ſmuggled Odds, by dark
Surpriſe, [Prize,
" With Clubs in Ambuſh, would redeem the
" *Law*, hamp'ring *Law*, — which oft' to
(d) SOUTHGATE leads, [Heads.
" Provok'd fell vengeful on our Champions
" Remains it, then, that *Policy* take place,
" Such as may compenſate our laſt Diſgrace.
" For who forgets that yet o'er-clouding Shame
" Of our ſo baulk'd, though well-laid, Stra-
tagem, [Curtain drawn
" Which we deſign'd -----. (But be a
" On that Affair, a Night unknowing Dawn!)

" But

(d) Southgate.] The Priſon, or Goal, in its inferiour Den, for Felons of all Degrees, and in its upper Rooms for Debtors.

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" But did,—opprobr'ous to our thwarted Aim,
" The happier (*e*) RECTUS to the Chair reclaim,
" The Seat wherein HE, twice ſix Moons before,
" Our Envy, and the Publick's Bleſſings, bore.
" HADDY,--you know, would his Ambition treat
" In filling — as if juſt !— our Chieftan Seat.
" Be 't ours with *Guile* to diſappoint a View
" That with the Yellow would o'ertop the Blue.
" *Strength* were at beſt precarious ; nor we may
" *Now* hope *Adjournment* to atchieve Delay.
" 'Tis gone from JACINTH to prorogue the Poll,
" Then in the Dark for Mercenaries prowl.
" And RECTUS, who as yet the Rudder guides,
" Though mild and courteous, ſtiff in *Juſtice* prides :

" With

(*e*) *Rectus.*] Mr. SYMONDS, a Gentleman of the worthieſt Character, who was at this Time Mayor ; having been elected the preceding Year (when he had been ſet up only as a Stalkinghorſe, to facilitate the Choice of another, though he had honourably diſcharg'd the Office but one Year before.

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" With Heart entire, and resolute in Right,
" No Wheadles lure him, no Pretences *bite.*
" As soon the PRUSSIAN, charm'd with FLEURY's Aim,
" To BERGUES and JULIERS shall renounce his [Claim,
" And, drain'd of fierce Disgust, the PORTE allow
" The envy'd RUSS to keep her OCZAKOW:
" As soon the DUTCH give selfish Treaties o'er,
" And SPAIN *our* Shipping uncompell'd restore;
" FRANCE toil officious in dup'd AUSTRIA's [Right,
" And SWEDEN aid, to get but Thank-ye by't.
" PULT'NY as soon shall on Sir ROBRET fawn,
" And PATRICK's Dean turn Sneak for Sleeves of Lawn,
" As warpless RECTUS will aside be drawn.
" No:—other Management, presage I, would
" Be his than that when manag'd JACINTH rul'd.
" Wise Caution guide, then; nor on windy Cry,
" Nor specious Colour, ever more rely.

" 'Tis

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" 'Tis in our Hands, though *Scruples* might forbid,
" Our Cauſe from Hazard of Relapſe to rid
" Were once more HADDY to fair Chance preferr'd,
" HADDY, the Idol of the hated Herd!
" My Heart forebodes, our *Fraud* and *Force* were vain;
" Theirs were the Glory, ours the Shame [again.
" But HE aſide,—we may to Uſe apply
" Old *(f)* EXPLETIVE, — a Tool, for Years ſet by;
" But well reſerv'd for ſuch convenient Hour,
" To chear our *Blue*,—and daunt the *Yellow* Pow'r.
" My Sentence is propos'd. Adviſe, if ye
" Have apter Counſel, or with mine agree."

Thus cloſing might he ſit. And MAZARINE, Slow riſing, might next in Oration ſhine,

More

(f) Expletive.] Mr. CULME, who had been long thrown aſide, and was at this critical Seaſon pitch'd on but to ſerve an End.

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More ſage in Youth than if ULYSSES' Pate
On green TELEMACHUS's Shoulders ſate,
And thus addreſs'd :-- " Ye, Conſcript Fathers, right
" On Me for ſafe Direction fix your Sight,
" For a Dictator fram'd. And well ye know
" What Benefits to my Advice ye owe,
" Whoſe Chin, ſcarce conſcious of the Razor's Edge,
" Yea ere its woolly Down began to fledge,
" For Years have, to your Wiſdom's Praiſe, averr'd
" You mete not Sapience by Length of Beard.
" How large could I in pompous Strains declare
" The Greatneſs of my future Reigning Year.
" But Time ſhall ſpeak;--And, in laconic Style,
" Be pleas'd to know :--I recommend the *Wile :*
" Be EXPLETIVE your preſent Shift, ſince vain
" This Seaſon were my Enterpriſe to reign :
" Whereas Twelve Months improv'd aright may clear
" An Ope for ſure Acceſſion to the Chair."

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Thus might the venerable Daniel end,
And none reply, but, backing, to commend:
With Glee the *Junto* might adopt the Scheme,
And voted Thanks reſound his Senſe ſupreme:
Reduc'd to Practice the Deſign take place,
And ſit in Chamber with demure Grimace.

Such, ſay we, *might*, if not aware that Skill
And Strength would fail a too advent'rous Will,
Nor *(g) Audience fit* unhop'd, we here aſſay.
But leſt we blunder in wild Paths aſtray,
We'll ſtill purſue the beſt-known ſafer Way.

¶ The Sun now, ſhaping duly South his Tour,
Marks on true Dials *Low Life*'s (*h*) Dining-Hour.
The

(g) Audience fit.] According to MILTON's very neceſſary Petition to URANIA, "*Fit Audience find, though few.*"

(h) Low Life's Dining.] Twelve o'Clock, when the Vulgar or *ſimple* Sort, ſuch of them as have any Thing to eat, particularly Journeymen Helliers, Maſons, Joiners, Smiths, Taylors, &c. preciſely go to Dinner: Of ſome of whom it has been obſerv'd, or pretended to have been obſerv'd, that at the very firſt Stroke of the Clock, they have left Strokes of their own unfiniſh'd. ☞ To prevent cavilling Criticks, we muſt here note, that tho' the *Freemen* are by us allow'd to

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The Thralls in SOUTHGATE have, with tir'd Ado,
Fiſh'd up almoſt Three-half-pence with the *Shoe*.
At WESTGATE Clowns lean awkward on their Rods, [nods;
And, gaping, wait 'till (*i*) MATTHEW MILLAR
Nor little ſtrange at the myſterious Caſe,
A *Millar* ſhould thus wear a *Collier's* Face.
Clocks bleſs'd! ſound Cupboard: Good-wives Belows ply;
Boys ſpring from School, ſharp-ſet, with Exſtacy.
Poſt-Office Window, ſlap! claps to: In vain
Poſters with Letters to ſave Twopence ſtrain:

to be, all or moſt, in and about the Guildhall on the Buſineſs of the Day, yet Numbers of Journeymen, &c. may be, and indeed are, Strangers, and ſuch as are not Free. Beſides, Noon indifferently, at any Time, is here intended to be thus deſcribed.

(*i*) *Matthew the Millar.*] One of the Images at the Tower of St. *Mary Steps*, which, nodding its Head by Clockwork, ſeems to aſſiſt in the Chimes, which play at 4, 8, and 12. They call him the Millar, tho' by his black Complection --[*but ſince the writing this Poem new painted*]-- he ſhould ſeem to have been rather a Collier than a Millar.

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For (*k*) STANNAWAY,—or Yokefellow in lieu,
More forward, ſmiles the running Gain to view.
Now Trowels back unus'd the Mortar throw,
Half-driv'n remains the Nail with Half a Blow.
Smiths drop the mounted Sledge, and Croſs'd-Legs leap
From Shopboard, and to Cooks or (*l*) Church-yard ſtep.
The *Conclave* opes; Th' Affairs of Secret end;
Furr'd Gowns to grace the Nether Bench deſcend:
But on the Stairs, until ſome narrow Way
Opes for Acceſs, prolong uneaſy Stay.
As Armies, diſciplin'd to Action, nerve
Their harras'd Ranks with Bodies of Reſerve,
Impetuous in, at once, Outſtanders break,
With Voice unbroke, obſtrep'rous, to the Freak.

To

(*k*) *Stannaway.*] Preciſely at Twelve is ſhut the Poſt-Office Wooden Caſement; outſide waits Mr. STANNAWAY, Poſt to Honiton, or his Wife, to receive Letters (for each of which he has 2d.) to be put into the Bag at *Honiton*. [NOTE, *We ſpeak of the Time when the Poem was written.*]

(*l*) *Churchyard*, &c.] Here, they tell us, (I ſuppoſe jocularly) Taylors ſpend their Noon Hour, when they have no Dinner ſave Air.

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To drill a Pass now seems *Sampsonian* Toil,
Though *Staffs* of high Commission plowing moil,
Those magic *Staffs* which hiden Treasure find,
And evil Spirits from Night-walking bind;
The *Staffs* which dare thump ope robustest Door;
Staffs which wrong-sided Drunkards sink before.

Work now Heads, Elbows, Knees, Heels, Breasts, and Backs,
Till by detorting Jerks the Cieling cracks!
And, as stretch'd Boots on forcive *(m) Trees* extend
Dimension, Walls extruded seem to bend.
The graceful Portrait of the (*n*) Princely Dame,
Isca's fair Native, shudders in the Frame.

Monk

(m) Trees.] Viz. Bootmakers *Trees*, so called.

(n) Princely Dame.] In the Guildhall are at full Length the Portraits of his present Majesty K. George II.--- of the Princess Henrietta Maria, Daughter of K. Charles I. she being a Native of the City;--- and of Gen. Monk, Earl of *Albemarle*, a *Devonshire* Man born.

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MONK *eke* in Picture ſhakes, as if the *Noſe*
Of (*o*) NOLL with Vengance to his Seeming roſe.
Ev'n (*p*) CÆSAR, whoſe heroic Soul no Awe
E'er felt when He grim Danger inſtant ſaw,
CÆSAR, who on inſanguin'd (*q*) BELGIA's Plain,
And *his own* raging and *(r)* rebellious *Main*,
Shew'd CHURCHILL's Self more how quick Fate to brave,
And WAGER to ſuſtain the (*s*) wrackful Wave;
CÆSAR, who dares, by Juſtice led, defy
Leagued FRANCE and SPAIN, though ſlumbers *neuter* by
The lull'd, ſeduc'd, ingrateful, (*t*) old Ally;
BRITANNIA's CÆSAR, with majeſtic Fear,
In *painted Image*, ſeems the Shock to hear.

The

(*o*) NOLL.] OLIVER CROMWELL, wont to be call'd OLD NOLL, and his *Noſe* eſteem'd notable.

(*p*) *Cæſar.*] The Picture of K. GEORGE II. juſt above already mentioned.

(*q*) Viz. When he was Prince of *Hanover*, and fought in the Army commanded by the Duke of *Marlborough*, *&c.*

(*r*) His Britannick Majeſty being aſſerted Sovereign of the *Britiſh Seas*.

(*s*) Alluding to the dangerous Paſſage from *Holland*, in which his Majeſty with Admiral WAGER had like to have been caſt away. (*t*) The *Dutch*.

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The *(u) Lion*, trembling as if heard below
At once the *(x)* GLOBE's collected (*y*) *Cocks* to crow)
Threats to desert his Post, and, with his Mate
Of *single Horn*, resign the Shield to Fate.
Bodies, on either Side, contiguous drove,
Incorporate ev'n to the Letter prove,
That from aloft Imagination dreads
Two *Human Hydras* with Two Thousand Heads.
Ten cashless Debtors in that dreary Cave
Yclep'd the (*z*) SHOE more free a Breathing have.

SCRUPLE

(u) Lion, &c.] The *Lion*, Supporter of the King's-Arms fix'd over the Mayor's Seat.

(x) Globe.] The GLOBE Tavern, where Cock-fighting is often held.---[i. e. *was often held at or about the Time of Writing this Poem.*]

(y) Cocks.] According to antiently receiv'd Notion, (but a Vulgar and exploded Error) living *Lions* used to tremble on hearing a *Cock* crow; as, on the other Hand, *Bulls* would shed their Urine, for very Dread, on hearing a *Lion's* Roar; how truly let others say.

(*z*) *The Shoe.*] So is call'd a little close Room in *Southgate* Prison, where such poor insolvent Debtors as can't pay for Lodgings, are [i. e. *have been*] crowded, or crush'd in together. It seems to have received its Denomination from the Privilege they, in Turn, have of begging Charity of Passers by, they by a Cord letting down an Old *Shoe* to receive the same.

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(a) SCRUPLE the juſt, who Raiſin bites in twain,
That Scales do upright Juſtice to a Grain,
Ne'er bought at WEYHILL, nor retail'd in Shop,
More flat, compact, in turgid Sack, the Hop;
Nor Smoke-cur'd Herrings he imbarrel'd choſe
For like Compreſſion of their ſquatted Roes.
Bellies protuberant and Shoulders crump
Expect to loſe their Prominence and Hump.
Heart, Lights, and Liver, ſore Conſtriction moan;
Punch'd Boſoms murmur, and ſquelſh'd Bowels groan.
Some *Galligaſkins* to the helpleſs Noſe
The mimick'd *(b)* *Gulon's* bruis'd Relief diſcloſe.

Damnonian

(b) *Scruple the Juſt.*] A good old Juſtice, renown'd for Strictneſs, and upright holding his Shop-Scales, &c. &c.

(c) *Gulon.*] This being a moſt voracious Beaſt, when he has a Carcaſs larger than would ſerve for one Meal, he never ſtirs from the Place till he has diſpatch'd the whole, unleſs that, when he is full cramm'd, and can hold no more, he goes to find two Trees very cloſe together, through the Interval whereof he drags and ſqueezes his Body; and ſo he gets rid of what he before devour'd, in order immediately to fall to again.

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Danmonian Swains their grinded Apple preſs
To force Pomaceous Wine with Effort leſs
Than which the Stronger of the *Wedg'd* aſſay
For their PATRICIANS a progreſſive Way;
Yet all the Void the gen'ral Squeeze may boaſt
Proves but an Alley's Six-Inch Wedth at moſt;
Whoſe (*c*) tott'ring Sides, ſway'd by th' elaſtic Load,
Next Moment cloſe, and choak the petty Road;
Thro' which as, ſideling, rubb'd, the Robes recur,
To grating Buttons they tranſlate the Fur.

The CONSCRIPT SIRES their arduous Tug compleat,
And puffing gain their ſafe and reſtful Seat;
There to dilate anew the ſtreighten'd Breaſt,
And meditate a compenſating Feaſt;

(*c*) *Tottering Sides.*] Meaning the Conſtables and ſtrong Men who compoſe the Sides of the little Lane thus ſo difficultly made; and ſcarcely ſave themſelves from being over-powered.

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Where, whilſt go (*d*) *meliorated* Bumpers round,
The Hours ſhall with augmenting Glee be crown'd,
Till (*e*) *Sir John Adee*, late, by Minſtrel's Tongue,
And (*f*) *Zwopping-Mallard* by their own, be ſung.
Severe (*g*) APOLLO on a Tide may laugh,
And JOVE on *Gala's* crank with Godlings quaff.

So (durſt we, as your topping Poets dare,
A *low-life* Brute with lofty Man compare)

A

(*d*) *Meliorated.*] By this Word hangs a Tale of a facetious Alderman deceas'd, who order'd an Attendant to pour out half a Glaſs of Cyder, but withal bad him *meliorate* it, pointing to a Decanter of *Port* Wine: And having taken it off, turns to a Brother Alderman, yet] exiſting, ---[*But died long ſince; which I now write in Year* 1770.]--- in State by him ſmoaking his Pipe, ſaying, *Do you know what* meliorating *a Thing is, Mr. Alderman?*---"Know what 'tis? replies the Sage, nodding his wiſe Head, "Yes, yes, I know what 'tis: 'Tis *Port and Cyder.*

(*e*) *Sir John Adee.*] See before pa. Note ( ).

(*f*) *Zwopping Mallard.*] Another favourite old Chamber Song, firſt introduced and uſually ſung by the grave Recorder himſelf.

(*g*) *Apollo*, &c.] Alluding to *Semel in anno ridet Apollo*, &c.

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(b) A tabby Tygreſs of familiar Race
Wiredraws her Loins thro' ſome ſtrict Cranny's Space,
In Dread off-ſtript her furry Dreſs to find,
And even Half her Intrails left behind:
But, after panting in enlarged Room,
Revives her Hope to meet a counter Doom;
Her ſwelling Womb extends its flatten'd Frame,
Well-ſcented Cates her eager Guſt inflame:
Or, haply, ſhe may with erected Ear
The Squeek of luſcious Game domeſtic hear,
Nor doubt e'er long a Feaſt of Ven'ſon Cheer.

Augmented Outcries Strength of Whirlwinds blow,
Threat'ning the heaving Roofs' puff'd Over-throw.
Not when, on Birth-days, loyal Powder roars
In joyous Union through train'd Muſket-Bores
Of full Battalion, e'er a Burſt ſo loud
Was heard to ſhatter an impending Cloud.

(b) Tabby Tygreſs, &c.] Meaning a Houſhold *Cat*.

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The Welkin ſkrinks, and ſtarting Air around
Fears a Vulcanian Rupture of the Ground.
Command for *Silence* bids the Tempeſt ſwell;
The Word repeated does the Thing repel;
For *Silence! Silence!* with extended Pow'r,
From ev'ry Mouth reſounding ſtrive their Hour.

But Marſhals, who *(i) Stentorian* Clamour ſtrain
To quaſh the Storm, at laſt, a Pauſe obtain:
Then "O--o-o- Y-e-s!-- longly drawl'd,--as *Uſe* decrees,
"That Free Men (*of high, low, or, no Degrees*)
"To chooſe a new Prime Magiſtrate draw nigh'r,
"And Aliens, to avoid the Jail, retire."
The ſage (*k*) PROPRÆTOR, tho' exerted ſtrong,
Yet ſmooth his Accent, to the buzzing Throng,
On

(*i*) *Stentorian Clamour.*] STENTOR, in the Grecian Army before Troy, is (at leaſt poetically) recorded to have equall'd Fifty ordinary-Men in Loudneſs of Voice. Vid. HOM. Il. lib. v. ver. 784. Or the mere *Engliſh* Reader may ſee POPE's Tranſl. ver. 976, &c. or ſee JUV. Sat. xiii.

(*k*) *Proprætor.*] The Recorder, Mr. Serj. B-lſ--d.

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On Tiptoes of Expectance,—All attent
Their Ears as THEBES e'er to (*l*) AMPHION lent,
To ſuck the Charms of dulcet Eloquence,
Back'd with deep Knowledge and illumin'd Senſe, —
Yields thus his Oral Muſick:—"Gen-tle-men,
(*Their Style To-day*:--*To-morrow* Scrubs *agen*)--
" Since has the MAY'R his Conſulate gone through;
" (For which, moſt worthily, our Thanks are due!)
" I muſt inform you,--(*though already known*)--
" It's the fix'd Conſtitution of our Town,
" When

(*l*) *Amphion.*] The Fable of his miraculous Lyre, at his playing on which the Stones which built the Walls of THEBES, danced to the Places where they ſhould be lay'd, is reaſonably ſuppos'd to have had no other Bottom than that when he invaded that Country, and carried Muſick, which he had learn'd in LYDIA, then firſt into GREECE with him, the Melody was ſo admired for its Excellence and Novelty, that he eaſily engaged the People to carry on the Building whilſt he diverted them with his Harp. Or it as probably means, that whereas they were before naturally rude and uncivilize'd, they were by his Eloquence induced to inhabit within the ſame, and live under Laws in Community together.

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" When call'd on to ſupply the Chair Supreme,
" Your GOVERNOURS have Right repos'd in Them,
" To fix, as proper CANDIDATES, on *Two*;
" Of whom the *propereſt* remains to You."
So, with a graceful Emphaſis of Tone,
TWO nominates, for their Suffrages ONE.

But ſcarce the Cadence from his Lip can fly,
Ere Quarrel joins in one harmonious Cry,
Or but contends which Lungs ſurpaſſing Might
Could have atteſted in a lengthen'd Fight.
Diſcord aton'd now in ſtrange Union ſtrives,
And Peace in unaccuſtom'd Concord thrives.--
With CULME! CULME! CULME! the alter'd Hall abounds;
CULME! unoppos'd from valid Throats re-[ſounds.
Windows and Walls ſeem CULME to ſhout: On high
Accordant Echoes CULME! CULME! CULME! [reply.

No

No Deed, no Word, no Look, betrays a Fear;
No Foot recedes; all Hands Reſiſtance dare:
All to the Palm diſputeleſs Title bring,
And, without Conqueſt, all Ovation ring.

Now lovely ſounds the conſentaneous Jar;
Now beautifully ſmiles, appeas'd, the War;
Now Party Battle proves a ſocial Play;
Now Wraths turn Friendſhip, bent the ſelf-ſame Way.
So Winds whoſe Force, by Winds oppos'd, might wage
A Storm, and laſh the Main to ſurly Rage;
But one Point blowing, though with ſtronger Gales,
Delight the belly'd and more ſpeeded Sails.

Amazing Turn! -- Bells wak'd in Tranſport feel
Strange *early* Pulls exhort each flinging Wheel,
Whoſe

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Whoſe jocund Rounds the baffled Variance
fun,
As thus the jokeful Conſort ſeems to run: —
Victorious All!—yet none a Foe ſubdues!
The Yellows loſt not,—though have won the
Blues!

End of Canto VI. and of the Poem.

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